F O R U M
and Century

OCTOBER, 1935 VOL. XCIV, NO. 4

Democracy or Degeneracy?

Editorial Foreword

"You will go home with the satisfaction — if it is a satisfaction — that you have rendered a blow against law enforcement and given aid and encouragement to the people who flout the law."

In those words of censure Judge Frederick H. Bryant, a few weeks ago, dismissed the jury in New York State which, after careful consideration, acquitted the notorious criminal, "Dutch" Schultz, on a federal charge of income-tax evasion. The acquittal was greeted with applause in the courtroom. An Associated Press photo showed the dapper racketeer, with a nauseating smirk on his face, emerging from the courthouse between rows of smiling, sap-headed "Americans." This discouraging decision was not the judgment of aliens, Bolshevists, criminals, or lunatics but the supposedly sober and labored conclusion of an average honest-to-goodness citizenry.

A Cecil Speaks

In the face of such chronic imbecility or degeneracy of judgment on the part of run-of-the-cloth Americans, there is small wonder that a seasoned Englishman sharpens his pencil in this issue of The Forum to cross-examine again the alleged success of democracy in general and incidently democracy in America. For four hundred years the Cecil family in England has been brooding over politics and patriotism and weighing the pros and cons of overlordship — the aristocracy of brains and character — against the rule of *vox populi*. Four hundred years ago a William Cecil distinguished himself for statesmanship. Today the Cecil who bears his name is a priest — Lord Bishop of Exeter. He claims that our political system permits the selfish and inferior to rule over us.

There is nothing new, of course, in his argument: democracy has been questioned since the days of ancient Greece and Rome. But it must startle Americans somewhat to hear our own almost sacred brand of democracy challenged today from a source of such sobriety. Let us open our eyes bravely to the realities of our democracy and ask with the British Bishop if we are actually worthy to rule ourselves.

When Dutch Schultz was acquitted in New York State, the other day, little children looked up into his face adoringly, no doubt registering a determination to be like him when they grew up. The moral implications of this acquittal by a jury of farmers, all of them overwhelmed by Schultz's generous distribution of largesse, prior to the trial, and by his hearty, hail-fellow-well-met attitude — are a menace to democracy. The whole shocking phenomenon exhibits two strains of decay in the American social attitude. The first of these mental mass disorders is our admiration for anyone who can "get away with it." The more evil he is, alas! often the greater our hero worship. The other flaw in our mass thinking, one that is often mistaken for a democratic attitude of mind, is our extenuation of mediocrity and the pre-

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mium so many of us place on ignorance and vacuity instead of intelligence.

In picking our juries we are prone to be wary of men and women of more than average intelligence. The jury list is combed diligently in an effort to fill the box with minds that exhibit a plausible degree of dumbness — in the thought, perhaps, that the subnormal mind is likely to be guided by an unerring instinct and be truly democratic in its judgment. I speak from experience. Twice in my life when I was a candidate for juror in important cases — one the famous Becker trial — I answered satisfactorily the fire of cross-questions about my career, and was about to be placed in the jury box, when it was discovered that in my youthful past I had for two years been an instructor at Harvard University. I was promptly challenged by the defense and summarily dismissed.

Admiration for the man who can get away with murder or somewhat less is perhaps associated with our democratic ideal of rugged individualism, but when the applause descends to praise of the cheap smart alecks, our hero worship can hardly be extolled as bona fide, traditional Americanism. Public admiration of cheap bravado enabled the dandified Jimmy Walker to lord it over our largest city as Mayor, until Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt clamped down on him. Jimmy's popularity was by no means crushed by his unsuccessful bout with the government. In Chicago another noisy headliner, Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson, was turned out of office only to be brought back again in a few years by an overwhelming majority. If Jimmy Walker were to appear again in New York City he would pile up an enormous vote.

Grade-A Citizens

There are plenty of decent Americans who approve of neither our debauching of hero worship nor our admiration of mediocrity. I have just come from a bracing week riding with cowboys across the ranges of New Mexico. These lads are usually of "Early American" stock, and they also know the Hispanic-American respect for decency. It is not only a privilege to ride with them but an exhilaration to hear their conversation, their splendid estimate of manliness and honor and responsibility. They praise everything that is first-rate; second rateness they pass by in silence. There are thousands of such Americans in our democracy — a majority, I happily believe — ready to serve or to vote. It is the privilege of The Forum to speak for all submerged, decent, law-abiding citizens who have retired from any active part in politics and civic life because they object to soiling their hands with mud.

An educator once said that he wished it would rain Puritanism on this land for forty days and forty nights. That would be just about enough. God forbid that we should return to the straight-laced, uncharitable days of our progenitors. But a good bracer of Puritan tonic would be a fine thing for our general morale. It would stiffen up our spine and straighten out that indifferent slouch. We can afford to laugh more and grin less and cut out shrugging our shoulders. It is better to pity our own dumbness than to pat ourselves on the back for being healthy, average morons. And we can find other heroes to admire than the rascal who "gets away with it."

Democracy still has a chance — in fact abundant opportunity — in America, as Henry Bellows has demonstrated in his reply to Lord William Cecil in this issue. There are plenty of good men and true, and unselfish men, among us. It is a simple matter to elect as our leaders men better than ourselves instead of men worse than ourselves. And they can be selected not by God or Caesar but by the people. American democracy can be hitched to the stars instead of forever being trailed along the gutter.

Henry Goddard Leach

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Our Rostrum

What Readers Write to the Editor

BRITAIN AND PEACE

To the Editor:

. . . Mr. Leach's editorial for the September issue of THE FORUM ["Britain — Guardian of the Peace"] . . . is a fine and well deserved tribute to the collective-security policy of Great Britain. I am very glad indeed that Mr. Leach is backing up so effectively the policy which I regard as furnishing the only hope for war prevention in the modern world. . . .

HENRY L. STIMSON

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Two things occur to me on reading Mr. Leach's editorial. One, the British are the only nation that really cares deeply about peace. They alone appear to have learned from the last war. Two, they are a socially intelligent nation, the most intelligent in the world. That is why in them alone can one feel any confidence of the ability to solve the political and economic dilemma of our times without bloodshed or destruction. But I cannot see as surely as Mr. Leach that they have handled the crisis of the last few months with clarity or vigor. I for one cannot understand their most recent foreign policy. I wonder whether it has been based on any sure principles. . . .

NATHANIEL PEFFER

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . "Britain — Guardian of the Peace" is such a raw, blatant piece of British propaganda that I must vehemently object. . . .

E. O. SARRATT

San Antonio, Tex.

To the Editor:

I have just read your September editorial. . . . It is *fine!* . . .

STELLA E. RIIS

Richmond Hill, N. Y.

(*Our Rostrum continued on page IX*)

What Do You Think?

SCIENCE HAS by now made this planet so small that war on any part of it, however remote, affects the interests of the United States either economically or vitally. Should we stand aloof from the affairs of continents still bent on the futile folly of war or should we assert our strength in an aggressive way, to check this world nuisance? In order to learn the actual opinions of candid Americans on this question of foreign affairs, THE FORUM asks its readers to mail their answers to the questions which appear below.

1. Do you believe that neutrality legislation can keep us out of war? YES OR NO.

2. Should the United States bring full diplomatic pressure to bear on the present Italo-Ethiopian situation? YES OR NO.

3. Should the United States join the League of Nations on terms of the Pope Resolution, which provides that we should not be obliged to use armed force to support the League? YES OR NO.

4. Should the United States take the lead in calling an international conference to consider the general drastic reduction of tariffs to increase world trade? YES OR NO.

5. Should the United States take an aggressive attitude in persuading other nations to keep the world at peace? YES OR NO.

Write "*Yes*" or "*No*" on a penny postcard after the numbers 1 through 5 and mail to the Editor of THE FORUM, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

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Wiley Post

by **AMELIA EARHART**

I USED TO KNOW Wiley Post. I met him first when he was test pilot for Lockheed in 1929 and I had just bought my number one Vega for the women's air derby.

Six years is a long time for pilots doing the kind of flying Wiley did to know each other. But through our period of acquaintanceship he changed not a whit. No demonstrations, no public acclaim affected his simplicity or his sincerity of purpose. Perhaps, in addition to his willingness to share with others anything he had found out about planes or motors, his most dominant characteristic was his complete unconsciousness that what he did had any value or color. So close was he to his profession that he could not see the sheen on his own wings.

Hangar talk. Pilots sitting around on their shoulder blades. Wiley pulled a crumpled paper from his pocket.

"Here's an article that proves there can't be any clouds above twenty-five thousand feet," he drawled. "Four hours out of L. A., I was flying thirty-four thousand feet over one layer, and another was piled up in front of me as far as I could see." He tore the printed page carefully in two. "I wish I'd had the professor along."

Of course, I shall always think of Wiley as being the bravest of the brave. Haven't I watched him take off to fly the Continent clad in his famous rubber suit, a modern man from Mars? No, going to Mars — or almost — for the world he sought to enter seems as forbidding to human beings as that faraway planet. In the rare atmosphere, his motor had to be highly supercharged to maintain its power. The faithful *Winnie Mae* had to be prepared to land without the normal gear, as Wiley dropped that off as soon as he left the ground. Lack of pressure at high altitude threatened motor as much as man, and both had to be guarded from its effect. The human being faced fatigue, the risk of the oxygen supply failing, and the impossibility of getting out of the plane quickly, either by parachute or on the ground, in case of any kind of accident.

It is characteristic that the man who dared all this should have lectured me on playing safe.

Once I asked Wiley why he did not write a book on his stratosphere flying.

"Heck," he said, "there's nothing to write about. Some people seem to have interesting adventures, but I never do."

Hangar talk again. Paul Mentz, Wiley and I. Discussion of instrument flying. Paul said: "You depended a lot on instruments, didn't you, Wiley, on this last flight?"

"Almost all the time," Wiley answered. "When I found I had to come down, of course I had no idea where I was. Clouds below. I went into them and down," he folded his arms complacently, "for twenty-eight thousand feet before I saw the ground." Paul and I looked at each other. Twenty-eight thousand feet; wet, swirling grayness. Most pilots think it a long pull to go up or down through eight thousand feet.

"A funny thing," Wiley went on, "when I have my suit on I can't hear the motor. I only know its condition by means of the gauges in the instrument board."

Paul and I let that statement sink in. We said that *was* funny. Not to hear motor noises when the old percolator was running full blast. Imagine the strange silence. "So you couldn't hear a thing, Wiley?"

"Well, yes," Wiley admitted as an afterthought. "I could hear my heart beat."

Wiley Post is gone. Pioneering to the last, three hundred miles within the Arctic Circle! Lost to the world are his ability, his humor, his conquering spirit. Lost to his friends are his tales of adventures, told while he denied he had any.

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Will Democracy Survive?

A Debate

I—Democracy Is Too Unjust to Endure

***by* LORD WILLIAM CECIL**

Bishop of Exeter

I have long been convinced that institutions purely democratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty or civilization, or both.
—LORD THOMAS MACAULAY, in a letter to H. S. Randall of New York, dated 1857.

TO ANSWER the question, "Will democracy survive?" I would pose another: Is democracy as we know it a moral form of government? If it is immoral it will in the end be thrown on the scrap heap. Men will not support a system of government which as a matter of experience encourages injustice.

When, however, we approach the question from this angle we must remind ourselves that the object of all government is to do justice and of a Christian government to encourage brotherhood. This conception is embodied in that part of our Bible which is reverenced not only by the Christian but by the Jewish world:

> What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy?

Democracy is not a new form of government. We have had over two thousand years' experience, in many different countries under many different conditions, of this method of ruling mankind. Though we often speak of it as a new thing, it is not so. Let us remember that it was known to both Romans and Greeks.

It is as old as our Bible itself and known to its writers, yet never recommended. The title of Emperor, Imperator, now so full of autocratic associations, was chosen to conceal the destruction of the Roman democracy which had, like all democracies in its time, boasted that it was immortal. The Romans would not have the title of King: they were good republicans; and so Imperator was selected, as it had to them, though not to us, a republican sound, while it avoided the evils which the Roman democracy had brought upon their country.

It would take many pages to review all the historical cases of births and early deaths of democracies. Suffice it to say that they had always this characteristic: they were extremely fragile. They came in with a great parade, as the method of government that must produce justice. They produced injustice and gave way to some form of autocracy.

II

DEMOCRACY approaches man on the lowest side of his nature. I suppose we all allow that within ourselves and our fellow men there are times when we forget the welfare of others. There are other times when we look at life from a selfless viewpoint. No man is lacking in both sides, but in some the altruistic side, in others the selfish side is more developed.

These two sides are natural. The parental side is altruistic. The mother would sacrifice herself for her child. It is quite naturally extended from the family to the nation, and most people are naturally patriotic.

But the Christian ideal would extend it further than that. Our Savior taught us that "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" applied to all mankind. The parable of the good Samaritan is not limited by national ties. We must love men of all nations, and this of course is a commonplace on every missionary platform and is the reason why men are prepared to make such sacrifices in the mission cause.

Now this noble side of our nature, whether we call it patriotism or extend it to the whole world and call it Christian love, is a side which

It is fitting that a Cecil oppose democracy. The family genealogy is traced to the late 15th century, its title to 1571. Never noted for political activity, Cecils nevertheless come naturally by a taste for the tradition of government by gentlemen.

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naturally requires us to do justice even to our own disadvantage. Do democratic institutions appeal to this higher side of mankind? Is it not true to say that a successful candidate for the votes of any part of a nation does and must appeal to the material interests of that section of the country from which he is seeking election?

Does he wish to be elected by a community that lives on the industry of agriculture? He must place before them some scheme by which the crops that are grown shall have a higher price. On the other hand, suppose he is seeking the votes of a great urban constituency, where manufactured articles give a wide employment to many people. He must show that the commodity which the city produces will be augmented in price but that foodstuffs will be cheaper.

If he wishes to represent essentially a body of handworkers, he must argue that his action will raise wages and increase employment. On the other hand, if he represents those who direct labor and employ capital he must show that the party he supports will, by improving trade, both increase the interest on the capital and enhance the value of property. I have never read of anyone who has fought an election on purely altruistic lines, but I imagine his supporters would be few.

Having appealed to voters for purely selfish reasons, it is not altogether wonderful that the result is a selfish government. Minorities tend to be oppressed by such a government, while the interests of other countries dependent on it are ignored. It may be that for a time such a system, however odious from a Christian point of view, is often successful. But the real truth is that a system of government that appeals to the selfish side of man produces a selfish government and that selfish governments, like selfish people, are in constant friction with others.

But democracy has another weakness; for, as it appeals to selfish motives, it naturally encourages corruption. A candidate can win votes by promising voters wealth. He also wins votes by paying them money or he may also sell to some monied interest his own vote and so recoup himself for his expenditures.

This is perhaps the saddest effect of democracy. It becomes subject to the domination of money in its most odious aspect as a great engine of corruption. The corruption may be denounced; measures may be and are taken against it; and in some cases there may be little of it. But it is always there and will always tend to return, because man has been approached on his selfish side. Corruption is the greatest curse of democracy.

And, even if there should be no corruption, democracy would tend to be unjust. For it gives judgment as to what is just according to the weight of the majority. And how can a majority of votes be a guide to the side on which justice lies?

Imagine applying this principle to our games. A football match is taking place between a large university and a smaller one. Can we appoint a referee by this principle of voting? Naturally the larger university would name the referee. Equally naturally, his decision would tend to be in favor of the side that appointed him. If his ruling were questioned, it would be referred to the vote, and again the bigger college would outvote the smaller.

Would anybody play a game of football under such conditions? To enjoy that game, is it not absolutely necessary that the referee should be chosen so that men have a reasonable reliance on his independence? Certainly he should not be influenced in any way by the fact that the side to which he gives his award is more numerous or less numerous. And yet this is the position which is not only tolerated but rather admired in democracy. Whether you are in the right or not is of little importance if the country (such is the cant phrase) has given its verdict against you — a verdict to the advantage of the majority which voted it. It is maintained by the modern democrat that might is right and justice is a question of big battalions of voters.

People who believe in proportional representation have advocated their system as a remedy for this evil; but it has been found hard in practice to work it, and it does not preserve the interests of those in a very small minority.

III

EUROPE HAS BEEN deeply impressed by the cumulative effect of two great powers abolishing democracy — both countries highly esteemed in the culture and thought of our civilization. This desertion of democracy by both Germany and Italy, coming as it did after

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the refusal of Russia to accept it, has made men question whether democracy is the best possible form of government.

The Russian refusal was important because it disposed of the suggestion that the people who distrust democracy are the rich people. Lenin stated in so many words that he distrusted democracy for the opposite reason, that it is a device by which money rules a country while it appears to be ruled by the poor.

Mussolini, who was himself a workingman and whose sympathies are with that class, holds a similar view, though he qualifies it by the wise statement that you cannot divide the interests of the classes and that to bring prosperity to one class you must aim at bringing prosperity to the whole nation.

Hitler's adherence to this view would have little importance, except for the fact of his popularity and except that Germany made no effort at all to save democracy.

Europe therefore stands in the face of three witnesses (whose *bona fides* cannot be doubted, even if their wisdom is not trusted) who are saying that democracy has failed. Whether we agree with them or not, clearly we ought to examine their reasons. Especially is this so when England is on the point of conferring on India the very form of government which these three nations are declaring to be detrimental to the nation and injurious to the interests of the poor.

The Italian critics say that democracy, or, as they prefer to call it, the "liberal state," is inefficient as well as immoral. The situation in Italy, before democracy was abolished there, was that her legislative chamber was divided into various groups. Each group had to have certain rewards in the shape of appointments, so that not the best men were appointed, but those who had the greatest claims. If the claims were not attended to, then each group did its best to render the government ineffective, generally with success. Thus the officeholders were usually second-rate men. Furthermore, every group, to win seats, had to promote strikes and discontent, so that it might convince the voters that they had grievances which the policy of the group would remove. Italy was thoroughly badly governed.

Can this be said of other countries? Perhaps my American readers will not agree that it applies to their own. But I would ask them to note the contrast which is so obvious to a foreigner. Looking at one aspect of America, the European says that the Americans are the most efficient people in the world. But presently he learns that highway robbery exists as it does not exist in any country in Europe, that rich men's children cannot even play without being watched by armed men. He discovers that all that is efficient owes its origin and development to the vision, purpose, and organization of individuals: it is only that part of human life which depends on democracy that fails. Certainly if this contrast is closely considered, most people will come to the conclusion that, if the same efficiency which guided private enterprise controlled the Government of the United States, America would be the best-governed country on the earth. One can have little hope that India will succeed where others fail, and we must expect that, in proportion as the Indian democracy controls the various sections of the activities of Indian life, so the Indians will be sufferers.

IV

Let us turn back to the first argument that Mussolini supporters urge against the liberal state. They plead rightly that government is a very sacred trust; that a good government produces happiness for millions, while the reverse is but too true; that in the exercise of this sacred trust men should be taught to dismiss from their minds their own selfish interests. Many of us would go further than Mussolini on this point. We should say that a voter has a duty not only to his own country but to all mankind and that, if a great country be badly governed or its administration harsh and selfish to weaker peoples, those who have supported that government are responsible before God for a great sin.

But, we are told, it is not possible to put these noble principles into practice. I agree, so long as the world is ruled by selfish democracies. It has been shown again and again that the prosperity of the whole is important to every part. And a prosperous world is now impossible, until we have learned belief in the solidarity not only of nations, but of humanity. Is such an advance possible under conflicting and democratic nationalistic regimes?

Can we not inaugurate a higher form of gov-

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ernment, making its essential principle that those who are appointed to settle a question shall have no interest but that of justice? Is not this the condition that is found by experience to produce the fairest decisions in the courts?

If democracy is to endure at all, its scope must be severely limited. The terms of those who govern should be sufficiently long to make them independent of the verdict of people against whose interests they have been forced to go in the course of duty.

Naturally the pessimist will say, "You cannot find just men." I cannot think that humanity has progressed so little that this should be true. You cannot find just men if you have made it to the interest of everybody to be unjust. Narrow-minded people will continue to say "If we have these just men, our interest, our country will suffer." It may be true that the individual country, the individual interest may, temporarily, suffer. But a really prosperous world which has no fear of war, where taxation is imposed for the good of all would be a world so happy that every component part would indirectly be benefited. But general prosperity cannot exist without justice, and justice cannot exist except there is a form of government that essentially appeals to the higher nature of man and aims at producing brotherhood among all men and all nations.

II—Democracy Is Inevitable

by HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS

PREFACING his attack on democracy, the Bishop of Exeter states that "the object of all government is to do justice and of a Christian government to encourage brotherhood." It requires, perhaps, an overbroad definition of justice to cover such necessary functions as the transport of the mails, the maintenance of national security, or the regulation of import tariffs; but let us agree with the statement at its face value. It follows therefrom that the type of government most likely to endure is the one which comes nearest to doing justice to all, and, if the pre-eminence of Christianity be likewise postulated, the one which most effectively encourages brotherhood.

Let us, furthermore, accept His Lordship's use of the historical method and estimate the future by the experience of the past. Democracy, we read, has never endured. But have autocracy, oligarchy, theocracy, communism done better in this respect? A modern Villon might well ask, "Où sont les rois d'antan?" On the whole, democracy appears in the past half century to have shown at least as great qualities of endurance as any other form of government.

Democracy, His Lordship maintains, is unjust and therefore unfit to continue. But how does it compare with other forms of national administration? History has no record of any government long outstanding for impartial justice, and only in such democracies as the United States and Great Britain has equal justice for all received so much as lip service. Autocracy and oligarchy openly deny the rights of the majority; socialism and communism exalt one class at the expense of another; dictatorship abrogates all individual rights in favor of the state. Democracy may in practice be lamentably inequitable, but at least it is predicated on the conception of justice.

As for brotherhood, is Mussolini just now a notable exponent of that eminently Christian trait? Does one think of Hitler as preponderantly contributing to the brotherhood of Jew and Gentile? Is Japan's interest in the people

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of the Asiatic mainland conspicuously fraternal? By this test, too, democracy at least holds its own, and in Germany, Russia, and Japan the outstanding foes of democracy are the acknowledged enemies of Christianity as well.

We can all cordially agree with His Lordship that democracy has never fully succeeded; no form of government has done that. But it is worth while to recall the words of a famous theological writer:

> The Christian religion has been practiced for nineteen centuries; the religion of Christ has yet to be tried.

Just so with governments: there have been many experiments in the name of democracy, but we do not know as yet that democracy itself has been fairly tested.

II

WHAT, AFTER all, do we mean by democracy? Not necessarily a republic: Great Britain with her royal family is far more democratic than Hitler-led Germany. Not a government founded on universal suffrage: there was no surge of democracy when women were enfranchised. The character of any government is determined not by its form but by the ultimate source of political power. In democracy that source is the people — the whole people. In every other type of government, power originates elsewhere than with the people as a whole: in a man, a family, an army, a class, a social or economic group, an alleged direct contact with divinity.

The ability of democracy to endure inevitably reverts to this question of the ultimate source of political power. Whence, if not from the people, is it to come? What are the alternatives? A man? Have despotisms and dictatorships ever lasted? A family? Even the Japanese Son of Heaven is no longer the actual controlling force in his empire. An army? History is a vast graveyard of military usurpations. A ruling class? Always there comes a day when the ruled rise up and become the rulers. From democracy alone there can be no true revolt, for the people cannot revolt against themselves. It may be temporarily thwarted, but the part can never be greater than the whole. Democracy will endure until somebody discovers a source of political power mightier than the people.

Can such a prime source be found in a direct personal contact with divinity? This was precisely the theory of absolute monarchy. Kings might be — not infrequently were — scoundrels or idiots, and yet the monarchical idea long persisted because of the conception of a supernatural sanctity attached to kingship. It was this faith in the mystic union between the king and something divine, a something that was the ultimate source of political power, that led so many men to die gallantly in behalf of manifest knaves or fools. Today the theory is buried with its defenders.

But, says His Lordship, democracy is inefficient. Of course it is; but it is postulated that the object of all government is to do justice, and efficiency is always unjust. Efficiency depends on machinelike accuracy of performance; whatever parts of the mechanism can no longer function perfectly must be ruthlessly cast aside. The prison camp, the censor, the firing squad, the headsman all are efficient; but they do not conform to the requirements of justice.

We may ask, further, whether democracy needs to be as inefficient, as blundering as it admittedly is. Yes, if we perpetuate all the methods of our present democratic governments — but no reasonable person expects those methods to be perpetuated. The mechanism of the British Government has been almost completely remodeled in the past quarter century; in the United States the same period has seen drastic amendments to the Constitution. The forms of democracy are constantly in a state of flux: the radical of today is the conservative of tomorrow.

What has lately most shaken our faith in democracy is the fact that the world has moved too fast for its antiquated methods of operation. These methods have presupposed the ability of the people as a whole to pass considered judgments on all matters of public importance. But, while human mentality has certainly made no startling progress, the problems to which it must be applied have in a relatively few years overleaped all known bounds. The inevitable result is that the machinery of democracy has either collapsed, as in Italy and Germany, or has shown alarming signs of doing so, as in Great Britain, France, and the United States.

If a dynamo breaks down, does that prove that electricity is not a great and serviceable

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motive force? Of course not. The engineer simply builds a better dynamo. All the evils in democracy which His Lordship points out are flaws in the dynamo, not weaknesses in the power that drives it. Injustice? Yes, but only because people have been slothfully content to see corrupt men in control; and today they are beginning to demand truer leadership. Inefficiency? Yes, because we have only just begun to awake to the fact that men in executive and legislative positions must be at least as free from political pressure and obligation as men in judicial office already are.

III

MUCH OF THE machinery of democracy is admittedly rusty, obsolete, broken. It is so because the world has outstripped it, just as three decades have ousted the horse from the position it held for thirty centuries. Some of this mechanism has already been discarded, and more — perhaps most — of it is on its way to the junk heap. To argue that democracy is incapable of building its machine anew and building it better is to be blind to what it has already done.

Mussolini and Hitler, archfoes of democracy, are yet the strongest proofs of its vitality. For whence does their power come? From the overwhelming enthusiasm of the people themselves — from a majority so enormous as to be almost the whole. Impatient of bungling, their sledgehammer blows have smashed the machinery of democracy to bits, but in every speech they proclaim democracy's very essence. They have built new and terrifying dynamos through which to convert the primal force into direct activity — and in time these dynamos, too, will collapse, worn out and obsolete. They have seen that the urgent need of democracy today is for leadership and they have given it that leadership. In so doing they have temporarily outlawed that freedom which we believe to be the distinguishing sign of democratic institutions but they have not thereby destroyed or even imperiled democracy itself.

One of two things is bound to happen to us, for there is no third possibility. Either we shall find a primary source of political power other than the people as a whole, or else democracy will refashion its mechanism to meet altered conditions. In the first event, democracy as we know it will not endure; but those who so argue, as the Bishop of Exeter does, must be prepared to point out a substitute. His Lordship does not even intimate what that new source of power is to be. Surely not a social class, as in Russia, for His Lordship complains bitterly of the injustice of majorities. Not a man, as in Italy or Germany, for neither Mussolini nor Hitler can be said to meet the requirements of either justice or brotherhood. No, the ultimate power which is the lifeblood of government will remain with the people, and that means that democracy will endure.

That, in so doing, its forms and methods will change is too obvious to need argument; that they can be thus changed for the better has been amply demonstrated by recent history. It is too much to hope that all the defects can be eradicated: no form of government can be better than the men and women who direct and sustain it. The greatest promise for the future lies in the growing recognition of the truth of just such charges as His Lordship prefers. Let us admit, for instance, that the parallel of the football game is absolutely sound; certainly no one would play such a game if technical points were to be determined by majority vote of the spectators. But the employment of a competent umpire does not mean that football is undemocratic: it means only that the participants have enough sense voluntarily to submit themselves to an authority of their own choosing. Democracy can and must do likewise. Without surrendering any of its inherent power, it must realize, as it is already beginning to do, that on all complex or technical issues majorities are far more often wrong than right.

The real danger — the one danger — lies in continued passivity and blindness. Only by sitting back and smugly declaring that all is safe can we really imperil democracy itself. For that reason it is well that democracy should be criticized; it is well that men like the Bishop of Exeter should say that it cannot and does not deserve to endure. For that is a challenge to every person who believes that the ultimate source of all political power is in the people as a whole; it is an invitation to them to see wherein the current machinery of democracy is defective and to rebuild it. The history of mankind since the days of Rousseau shows that they will accept that challenge.

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The Land of Ethiopia

Drawings by George Willard Bonte

***by* R. E. CHEESMAN**

FROM THE EARLY days of her history Abyssinia has periodically flashed from her seclusion in the African interior to take the center of the political stage of Europe, and this has been followed by periods of retirement into the background when her very existence has been forgotten, sometimes for years, sometimes for centuries, by the chanceries of Europe. At the moment, she has once more stepped into the limelight.

In official circles Abyssinia is known as Ethiopia. The royal family, the more cultured classes of Addis Ababa, and members of the government prefer the words Ethiopia and Ethiopian, but outside the capital and in the provinces and in the surrounding countries Abyssinians are known to themselves and to their neighbors as Habish or Habasha, the origin of which was a tribe of invaders, from the Yemen in Arabia, called Habashat, from whom they are descended. Abyssinia is merely a European corruption of that word, and, as it is by this name that they have come to be known to the world, by it they will probably continue to be called.

Both names are of great antiquity. The only objection that can be raised to the name of Ethiopia is that in the early years of the Christian Era and in the Middle Ages it applied more or less to all the known parts of Northern Africa, so that Egypt and other portions of the continent have an equal claim to the name. (To take an instance from ornithology, the birds of the world have been classified in groups, one of which is the Ethiopian, which includes all the birds of Africa, not merely those of Abyssinia.) The word Ethiopia comes from Aethiops, who was the son of Vulcan, and was first used in its more restricted sense by the monks who settled in the country and translated the Scriptures into Giz, the classical Ethiopic language.

The story of the direct descent from King Solomon which the emperors of Ethiopia have claimed and claim today is founded on a very old legend that is recorded in a book called *Kebra Nagast* or *The Glory of Kings*. There are many copies in the churches and in the monasteries, some of which have been taken to Europe, where complete translations have been published, but the origin of the story has been lost in the mists of time. Ethiopians regard *Kebra Nagast* as history; travelers who have studied the people, their customs, and their religion consider that its contents are founded on a good deal of fact; but there is wanting in those pages the proofs that alone will convince the scholars.

A great many ancient volumes, documents, and manuscripts written on early Christian and pre-Christian history undoubtedly were brought to Ethiopia by monks from Syria and Egypt. They settled in the country and built monasteries in the thirteenth century, but most of their work was destroyed by Ahmad Gran, the Mohammedan conqueror who overran Abyssinia and spent the few years of his power in sacking and destroying the churches. In this destruction went the libraries, the references, and the proofs. Little but the legends remains.

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THE BEGINNINGS OF HISTORY

ABYSSINIA IS a confederation of a great many tribes, of which the Amharas, the present ruling race, and the Gallas, are the largest. The Emperor, Haile Selassie, and the provincial governors and nearly all officials are Amharas, although there are Gallas in Galla countries and Negroes in Negro countries who hold high official positions under the Crown.

When you see the tall figure with fine features, thin lips, straight nose, curly black hair, and fearless brown eyes of a pure-bred Amhara, you are left in no doubt that you are looking at a Semite. The skin is dark, but many are little darker than a sunburnt European.

Within the limits of history it can be said that, several centuries certainly, but probably many centuries, before Christ, Semites from the Yemen in South Arabia crossed over the Red Sea into Africa and colonized the high plateau. Among them was the tribe already mentioned, called Habashat. These people found when they reached the mountains that some Hamitic tribes had preceded them from Asia, but the Hamites, being the weaker, were forced off the fertile highlands to occupy the mountain slopes, where they are found today. They are some of the most interesting peoples of Abyssinia. They have, in their turn, forced the aborigines, the Negro tribes, down into the lowlands.

The earliest city to be established by the Habashat was at Aksum in the North, although there is evidence that an older civilization had flourished there. Here an important inscription carved in a stone tablet and written in three languages — Greek, Sabaean, and Ethiopic — has been found and translated. It describes the exploits in various countries, including Arabia, of a great king of Aksum named Ezana; from the text it is clear that he began his reign as a pagan, worshiping the Sabaean gods, whom he mentions, and ended as a monotheist, for he gives thanks to the One God of Heaven and Earth for his later victories. From this it is held to be almost certain that it was King Ezana who was first converted to Christianity by Frumentius, in or about the year A.D. 333.

There can be no doubt that Christianity was brought to Ethiopia in the early part of the fourth century. Frumentius was a Syrian Christian who, as a boy, was captured from a boat on the coast of the Red Sea while on his way to India and was eventually taken to the court of this pagan Ethiopian monarch. There he grew up and gradually introduced the new faith. He returned to Alexandria, leaving many converts behind, including the King, and was ordained by the Patriarch Athanasius, who sent him back to preach and teach as Bishop of Aksum. From that day to this, Ethiopia has sent to Egypt for the head of her Church, who is a Coptic priest. It follows that the form of Christianity is closely associated with the doctrine of the Coptic Church, although they are not one.

The Abyssinian Church was strongly influenced by Saint Aragawi, who, with nine other Syrian monks, arrived in Abyssinia from Byzantium at the end of the fifth century. They translated the Scriptures into Giz, built monasteries, and reformed the faith. They were, like the Copts of Egypt, monophysites, maintaining that the divine and human natures in Christ were so united as to form only one nature, without any mixture of the two natures. They were denounced as heretics by the Council of Chalcedon in A.D. 451.

Abyssinian churches are usually circular, with three concentric circular divisions. The inner one, which only priests are allowed to enter, contains a model of the Ark of the Covenant, which according to their history was brought to Ethiopia from the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem by the Emperor Menelik I and is a fundamental part of the Abyssinian faith. Church services, such as baptism, marriage, and burial, and their translations of the books of the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, follow closely those of other Christian churches, and St. George is the patron saint of Ethiopia.

The ancient books found in Ethiopia contain lists of kings tracing their descent back to Menelik I, the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and some even go back to Adam, but the lists do not agree as to the order of their reigns, and they are accepted only as legendary.

By weaving together tradition, legend, history, and the Ethiopic Chronicles, a fairly satisfactory list of kings has been compiled by students of the Ethiopic literature that carries the succession back from the present emperor

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to Alameda, who reigned at the end of the fifth century. This succession includes the Zagwe dynasty, which lasted for 343 years but whose kings are not accepted by the Abyssinians as being of the Solomonic line. (One of them was Lalibala, who built the rock-hewn churches which are among the wonders of the world.)

The Mohammedan Conflict

Estimates of the population of Ethiopia must be pure guesswork. No census has ever been attempted, nor would it be reliable if it were. The latest estimates have put the total number at 5,000,000, of which 2,000,000 might be suggested as Christian, a few more than that Mohammedan, and the rest pagan. The population of Addis Ababa is given as 60,000, which may be approximately correct, as it should be possible to give a closer estimate for the city than for the vast areas of desert and forest inhabited, if at all, by roving tribes.

Slavery has not, up to the reign of the present emperor, been regarded as a crime against humanity, for the old nobility maintains it was not condemned in the Bible. Haile Selassie has, however, made great strides in the direction of slave release and of breaking down the opposition of the older generation to its abolition. In the last few years a slavery bureau has been established and set in operation throughout the country, and thousands of slaves have been freed. It is obviously not possible to deal with the problem hurriedly, as to set a large number of slaves free at once and deprive them of their means of livelihood would not be in the best interest of even the slaves themselves. Stringent measures have been taken to stop slave raiding and the iniquitous slave traffic, and offenders have been severely dealt with.

Primitive storehouse in Northern Ethiopia, in which priests have safeguarded thousands of ancient illuminated manuscripts.

The system has been what is called domestic slavery: that is, the slaves lived and worked under the same conditions as the Abyssinian serfs and servants, except that they were not free. A great many Negroes, after being given their papers of freedom and the offer of repatriation, have elected to stay on in their jobs.

There was little contact between Ethiopia and the outside world up to the rise of Mohammedanism, which spread in the deserts around the Christians, who, feeling the weakness of their isolation, began to realize that they might need help. In 1487, John II, King of Portugal, who was extending the power of that country in India, sent Pedro de Covilhão, the navigator, on a mission to find the mysterious Christian king of whom he had heard as Prester John and whose kingdom he thought was in India. In 1490 de Covilhão entered Abyssinia and made his way to the court of the Emperor Eskender. There he was received with great honor, became the Emperor's counselor, but was not allowed to leave the country.

In the early years of the sixteenth century, Ahmad Gran, the Mohammedan ruler of Adal, the country stretching from Zeila to Massaua on the Red Sea, invaded Abyssinia supported by the Turks, who supplied firearms, against which the spears of the Abyssinians were of no avail. Probably at the instigation of de Covilhão, who was still virtually a prisoner, the Emperor Lebna Dengel, who had succeeded to the throne, sent an envoy named Matthew, an Armenian merchant, on a mission to the King of Portugal, asking him to send military aid. King John, in return, sent a mission of 16 Portuguese headed by de Galvan, who was 90 years of age. It is, perhaps, not surprising that he died on the way. The rest of the mission

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Ethiopian musician and warrior:
the latter wearing the lion-mane collar and headdress.

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eventually reached Lebna Dengel and was not successful, as the price asked for military aid was the acceptance by the Emperor of the supremacy of the Pope. The former, flushed with temporary victories over the Mohammedans, did not wish an alliance on those terms.

In 1527, Lebna Dengel, who was again hard pressed by Gran, sent another letter to the King of Portugal, acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope, and asked for soldiers. Some years after, 400 Portuguese musketeers arrived in Abyssinia, led by D. Christophe de Gama. They were just in time to assist in the final rout and death of Gran. With the Portuguese military mission and afterwards, came Jesuit priests, whose efforts to convert the Abyssinians to the Church of Rome, although at first they achieved some success, finally ended in failure. When, in 1632, the Emperor Fasiladas came to the throne, he expelled all the remaining Catholics from the country.

Authoritative opinion has decided that the famous monoliths at Aksum may be Grecian. This is no final judgment, for they have no inscriptions, but they seem to suggest that the earliest contact that the Abyssinian highlands had with Egypt was through the Greeks in the time of the Ptolomies. The rest of the history of Ethiopia has been learned from the monks, who, in scattered fashion, came and went between the Abyssinian monasteries and Egypt and Jerusalem in the early centuries of the Christian Era, and from the writings of the Jesuit priests who returned to Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some later events were described by James Bruce, the Scotch explorer who traveled in the country in 1769. It was, nevertheless, still a land of mystery when Lord Napier's expeditionary force reached Magdala, the Emperor Theodore's capital, in 1868. But Ethiopic manuscripts that were taken from his library and translated into European languages threw a flood of light on Ethiopia and the Ethiopians and filled in many gaps in their history.

The Italian Enmity

The next conflict between Abyssinia and a European power took place in 1896, when an Italian army of 27,000 men (Italian and native troops) commanded by General Baratieri, entered Abyssinia from Eritrea and met the Emperor Menelik's army of 80,000 at Aduwa. In this battle the Italians were utterly defeated. Ten thousand were killed or wounded, and 7,000 were made prisoners. The lot of those who fell into the hands of the tribesmen was deplorable: flushed with the blood of battle and beyond the control of Menelik and their chiefs, the warriors resorted to the customs of their savage history, and it is historically recorded that many of the captives were castrated.

This, combined with the memory of the defeat, has rankled with the Italians ever since and is partly responsible for the present crisis that has arisen between the two countries. Italy has one colony, Eritrea, to the north of Abyssinia, and Italian Somaliland lies to the south. Italy has, during the intervening years, endeavored by peaceful means to develop trade between them and Abyssinia, but the Abyssinians, suspicious of their good intentions, have placed a stone wall against their efforts, and the Italians have found a barred door at the frontiers.

At the time of Ethiopia's application for membership in the League of Nations, it was Italy, in conjunction with France, who supported her, while Great Britain opposed her entrance on the ground that she was too backward a nation to carry out the obligations that were expected of members. On receiving assurances from Ethiopia that steps would be taken to abolish slavery, the opposition was withdrawn.

Italian statesmen hold that not only is Ethiopia developing her own resources too slowly but that her methods are holding back the forward march of the Italian colonies. Italy is an expanding nation, with few colonies, and feels that only by her possession of the whole of Abyssinia can progress in that part of Africa be achieved. The Emperor of Ethiopia, on the other hand, who has already made great strides in opening up communications, in the education of his people, and in the consolidation of the authority of the central government in distant provinces, wishes to develop his country in his own way, without interference, and feels that, although he would prefer peace, his army, assisted by the natural defenses of the country in the shape of mile-deep canyons and mountain ranges, is capable of defending it against invasion, if the Italians decide on war.

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The War on Literature

by **MARY M. COLUM**

Besides the world war that is being waged on literature by the Nazis, the Fascists, and the Russian communists, there have been going on for some time a few private wars that may be termed auxiliaries to the main attack. In this country the Humanists were the first obvious aggressors. The late Professor Babbitt in his book on Rousseau managed to hold up to comtempt nearly every great writer of the nineteenth century: he did not like their philosophy, so he attacked their work, their minds, and their characters, accusing them of sins like "expansiveness," "lack of decorum," and "lack of the inner check." It will be remembered that Matthew Arnold in a preface to a selection from Wordsworth complained that the Wordsworthians liked Wordsworth for what they thought was his philosophy instead of for his poetry — that is, they sought in his work for something secondary to the poetry.

Nobody claims that the poet is destitute of a philosophy: on the contrary, most poets have a very profound one; but poetry cannot be made out of a philosophy, though the philosophy may come into the poetry. Judging a poet by his philosophy, as Professor Babbitt did, or by his opinions on this and that or by his social slant, as the communists do, in the end results in precisely the same attitude toward literature: emphasis or concentration on some secondary element as if it were the main or even the whole objective of literature. Literature is even less likely to be made out of opinions than out of a philosophy: opinions are commonly held at a shallow level of the being, and the shallower this level is the more likely the opinions are to cast their influence over a writer's work; held at a deep level they become blended in and out with other qualities and so do not separate themselves and hit one in the eye at first sight or at any sight.

Opinions are seldom permanent, in fact, I think, never. Literature is about permanent things; journalism about passing things. To put it a little differently, literature is about many things against a background of the permanent; journalism is about many things against a background of the transient, the impermanent. Babbitt managed somehow to explain that Wordsworth, Blake, Baudelaire wrote good poetry only when their minds were working on the Humanistic level; Malcolm Cowley managed to explain that these same writers wrote fine poetry only when their minds were working on the communistic level, during their period of revolutionary opinions.

But surely from an artist's point of view the objective of all the forces of literature is not to propagate either philosophy or opinions but to give a complete expression of man in language. Very little of this objective has yet been achieved; the total experience of the most ordinary man, woman, or child, the total revelation of even the commonest mind has never yet been given in a book. We do not yet know how it can be done or even if it can be done; we make a petty advance towards the objective from one century to another, but a wide territory yet remains to be occupied.

Contrary to a current notion, there has not been much advance in about fifty years; very little has been done by our contemporaries that was not done before: we have a few innovations in technique, but even these are due to men who are now over fifty or would be if they had lived. The chief of these innovations is due to the resurrecting of "action" as a literary principle. "Action" in literature, I should say for the benefit of those for whom the signification of the word in the literary sense may be puzzling, means simply that, instead of revealing by detailed description a person or thing or state, we represent these in action: thus, instead of describing a quality we represent the effects of this quality on others. The classical example of this was Homer's revelation of the

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beauty of Helen through the effect of that beauty on the elders of Troy.

The Value of Groups

Literary inventions are occasionally made by individuals; most usually they are made by groups, by the effect of a number of minds working together on the same problem: generally there is one outstanding mind that is the beneficiary of all the others. Too often it happened in the past that groups working together for such ends became labeled and mislabeled as Symbolists, Realists, Decadents, and so on, and from this arose the fantastic habit in criticism of explaining groups by the labels that were more or less accidentally attached to them.

Groups are sometimes formed deliberately, sometimes accidentally. The only group known generally in this country, the Concord group, was not a deliberate formation of the writers themselves but came through the accident of all of them living in the same town. The latest group to be formed deliberately in this country is called the League of American Writers and is made up of writers with sympathies for communism, that is, for the Left in politics. It is composed of about two hundred writers. Now it is obvious that in a group of two hundred not much can be done to cope with purely artistic problems; only a minority of the two hundred can really be artists. It might prove an excellent thing if some writers would deliberately associate themselves in a guild or a league or just a café-table group to further the art, the technique, and the influence of literature and to make a clear demarcation between literature and the propaganda, slogans, opinions that are occupying its place. At the moment writers will group themselves for any other object under the sun — to attack capitalism, to support strikers, to eulogize communism, to protest against Hitler or Mussolini, to picket buildings where somebody (not a writer, of course) has been fired, or to claim the rights in movie productions. But the very last thing they form a group for is to discuss the art of writing.

At the Writers' Congress held last April from which the League of American Writers evolved, one evening was devoted to literary crafts

> in separate commissions, dramatists, novelists, poets, critics, for more technical study of their work.

But what is cryingly needed is a congress of a couple of dozen writers or even less who will devote all their sessions to discussing the above matters and not in the stepmotherly manner of the social-Left writers.

The Social vs. the Literary Left

Now the social Left and the literary Left are two totally different things: the social Left has an array of writers who belong not only to the literary Right but to the long outmoded literary Right, whose members are not trained in literature at all. On the other hand, some members of the literary Left, like Eliot, Joyce, Proust, are very far away from the social Left — in fact they might be described as belonging to the social Right. Now why not an organization of the literary Left made up of people who really know about literature and are capable of breaking away from the conventions of the past and who care about literature first of all?

Literature has never had so little influence as at the present day. The highest form of literature, poetry, is read far less now than it was ten years ago; it is read so little, in fact, that very few publishers take the risk of bringing out a volume of poetry. We cannot marvel at this when we read the sort of samples of advanced poetry that are quoted by critics and reviewers, and I venture to say that the reviewers of the social Left are the greatest sinners.

For example, take an article by Horace Gregory, in the *New York Herald Tribune's* "Books" of some weeks ago, called "Are We on the Eve of a Poetic Renaissance?" To show how the youth of the country responds to the sort of poetry that he is partial to he tells us of its effects on the students of Sarah Lawrence College to whom he read it last winter:

> The undergraduates quickly recognized such poetry as the language of their generation.
>
> Something is going to fall like rain,
> And it won't be flowers
>
> was taken in the same spirit as it was given, an ironical warning that escape from conflict was futile, foolish, and unreal.

Now these sublime lines, included in a poem by Auden, which the students took to be the language of their generation, were invented at latest in our great-grandmother's generation and were commonly used to warn youthful pantry burglars that, if they stole any more

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sugar or cake or climbed any more cherry trees, something was going to fall like rain. There were a couple of variants, one of which was more mysterious than the lines above:

> Something is going to fall like rain,
> And it won't be lollies.

I took these lines myself, as a youthful pantry burglar aged seven, in the same serious spirit as Horace Gregory's undergraduates and plunged right into the conflict, with the result that something certainly fell like rain — administered with a slipper.

I put it to Mr. Gregory that there are other nursery ditties that are better both as poetry and revolutionary warnings: what about these lines, part of which T. S. Eliot incorporates in a poem:

> London Bridge is falling down,
> Dance over my Lady Lee.

This seems to go right into the "conflict" and affords no "escape." And what about "Four and twenty blackbirds baking in a pie"? Blackbirds in poetry have always been symbols of fearsome political signification.

An acquaintance with British nursery rhymes is not, of course, a necessity in a critic of poetry, but one might expect a knowledge that the origin of poetry extends back at least a little while, anyway to before the publication of *The Waste Land*. And here is where a league of the literary Left would be a great help; for belonging to the literary Left, being of the innovators, would necessitate as wide an acquaintance with literature as the social Left has with economics, politics, the dialectic of materialism, Marx, and Hegel. The real innovators of the literary Left have to be, in fact, scholars in literature.

Where Horace Gregory's criticism is not demoted, it is innocent or simply platitudinous. The following is one of his dicta:

> Here it might be well to repeat that order and precision are the new rules of poetry; they may be revealed in the unfamiliar academic revival in the pages of the *Hound and Horn*.

Order and precision, one might gather from this sentence, came into poetry only this very minute. Surely Horace Gregory knows very well that order and precision are fundamentals in poetry; that, lacking them, there is no poetry at all; that they came into poetry with the first poet. But even if he goes only as far back as Coleridge he will get the definition of poetry as "the best words in the best order"; and does this not include all order and precision? He quotes with approval lines which one would not know were intended for poetry if they were not quoted as such:

> Where there is no life, no breath, no sound, no touch,
> no warmth, no light
> but the lamp that shines on a trooper's drawn and
> ready bayonet.

A comment of Horace Gregory's on this is that the technique used by the poet of these lines "is that of Carl Sandburg turned upside down." What is wrong with both the quotation and the criticism of it is precisely a lack of precision. How does one turn a technique upside down?

Liquidating the Past

Among other strange phases of the literary criticism of the social Left is its insistence on the time element, on the worth of what is being published at the moment, and its obliviousness to what was published yesterday or the day before. One would think that poetry were like a woman's hat — last spring's is out of the parade.

We have Horace Gregory again being up to the minute. As a comment on four innocuous lines, the first of which is from Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale," with the last word changed — "Now more than ever seems it rich to live" — he says:

> Compare the emotion of these lines with the poetry of ten years ago, and it will be clear that there is a renewal of confidence in contemporary life.

Expressing confidence in contemporary life is not any more a business of poetry than issuing revolutionary warnings. Anyhow, one needn't have much of a memory for poetry written ten years ago to know that as much confidence in life was expressed then and in much more vigorous lines.

We have also on a different level the same insistence on contemporaneousness in the statements of a man who is generally a sound critic — Malcolm Cowley — but who also loses his bearings in the presence of the adherents of the social Left:

> The sense of relationship is, I believe, the final and principal gift that the revolutionary movement can make to writers. It gives them the sense of human life, not as a medley of accidents but as a connected and continuing process. It ties things together, al-

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> lowing novelists to see the connection between things that are happening in our own neighborhoods, at the gates of factories, in back yards and street corners, with the German counterrevolution, with the fight for collectivization in Russia, with the Civil War now being waged in the interior of China; and it connects all these events with the struggles of the past. It gives the values, the unified interpretation, without which one can write neither good history nor good tragedy.

This means that a unified interpretation is to be based on what is going on at the minute, for surely he does not expect counterrevolutions and collectivization to be amongst the worlds continuous activities. Why shouldn't people going to market or wheeling out their babies or weeping for their dead or a thousand other happenings in the neighborhood connect the writer with what is happening in China or Central Africa, and why should he not be able to make a unified interpretation through them? And what about a writer, even of the social Left, whose unity of interpretation is unconsciously based on some event that has no connection at all with revolutions or counterrevolutions — such as the death of his mother?

The Demands on Literature

The leader of the League of American Writers is one who belongs, to some extent, to the literary as well as to the social Left — Waldo Frank. The League is affiliated with the International Union of Revolutionary Writers. Let me insist once more that the vast majority of them are not revolutionary as writers — they are revolutionaries in social matters, which is quite another thing. Waldo Frank, however, might be described as belonging both to the literary Left and the social Left. He is a man of distinguished gifts. His paper read at the Writer's Congress was on a high plane; he has no sympathy with the ignorant dictating of literature. One always hopes about every new book of his that it will at last attain the effectiveness expected from such a personality but so far one feels that there is much more in him than he has been able to bring out.

An explanation of his relative failure is implicit in this paper of his. He writes sensibly on everything connected with literature except the making of it; somewhere he stops short of that communication with life which enables a man to become an effective writer. I cannot see how the artist-writer could even tolerate his aesthetic. I quote only briefly:

> We must have poets to sing the image of the newer and truer person: the person who knows his integration with group and cosmos; the person through whom the whole speaks — conscious cell of conscious communist order.

Now when the person becomes the conscious cell of a communist or any other order, all art is at an end, for under such dispensation the world is just as likely as not to become like Aldous Huxley's Brave New World, where persons are robots kept contented by unlimited sex indulgence and state-doled drugs.

Waldo Frank has also an ideal of the social action to be demanded from literary art. It is

> in general to condition men for the multitude of direct actions of which their life consists. It is with us of conditioning readers, who, we hope, will be the workers, the farmers, and their allies, to become the effective medium of revolution.

How could any artist subscribe to this project? How could any artist compete with the pamphleteer or the orator in conditioning people to become the effective medium of revolution or counterrevolution? As John Chamberlain pointed out, Hitler's *Mein Kampf* triumphed over the combined works of Thomas Mann, Doblin Plivier, Renn, and Arnold Zweig in Germany. The disagreement of most writers with the members of the Writer's Congress is not so much with their political as with their aesthetic outlook.

There is crying need for a league of writers or a guild or something even less formal — a café-table group — who won't discourse on cells or ideology or conditioning but who will maintain the fundamental of writing, which is a man telling of men as he knows them to other men, not of men as he would have them be or men joined to some hard-and-fast abstraction such as proletariat, bourgeois, or any other that may be given us.

Such a group would have enough to discourse on — the problems of technique and material which would permit its members to enlarge their art. They could also do a great deal to turn people once more to the study of literature. Many of the cruelties, the follies, the hardness, the lack of sympathy in the world at present would be impossible if normal people were given that knowledge of human destiny, of human emotions, of human aspirations that literature alone of all the arts can give to the ordinary man.

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Mexico Persecutes the Church

by **FRANCIS C. KELLEY**

Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa

IT IS AN UNUSUAL and unexpected pleasure to have an opponent who furnishes abundant material for his own refutation; but perhaps Mr. George A. Moreno, who wrote "The Holy War in Mexico," in the September FORUM, could not very well help himself. So much has been uncovered in the field of Spanish-American history since the days of the romancing Prescott and by scholars of such standing as Bandolier, Bolton, Engelhardt, and others, that it has become increasingly difficult to ignore the truth when dealing with the work of the Catholic Church in Mexico. But it would be ungenerous of me not to accept what Mr. Moreno freely offers and, at the very outset, to set it down in his own words as follows:

> . . . the Roman Catholic clergy in Mexico is deserving of credit for a long record of good works. Monks stopped the ruthless massacres of Indians by the Spanish conquistadors. Monks and priests protected the enslaved Indians from inhuman treatment. They won from the king legal recognition of the Indians' right to own the communal farms which had been part of the social-economic system under Aztec rule. They established hospitals and schools, taught arts and crafts to the Indians, and adapted our alphabet to several native languages. The clergy established universities in Mexico 100 years before Harvard was founded. It introduced the printing press to Mexico over 100 years before it was brought to the English colonies. The clergy stopped the Indian practice of sacrificing human beings to the Aztec gods. There is no exaggeration in the statement that the Roman Catholic clergy saved the Mexican Indians from extermination.

Had Mr. Moreno added that this record is almost unique in the history of colonization up to very modern times, he would have been still more generous with the truth. Had he wished to follow up his passing reference to the work of the colonial English in North America, he might have used practically the same sentences with the addition of the short word "not." What the Roman Catholic clergy did for Mexico was what the English authorities did *not* do for their territories and the natives found in them. Such extension of his remarks is manifestly important, seeing that the aim of Mr. Moreno's effort is to blast the reputation of both the Spanish and their clergy before a jury made up of the successors and descendants of the English and their clergy.

In such a small matter as quoting from an "interview" alleged to having been given to *El Universal* by the late Archbishop Mora y del Rio and published February 5, 1926, Mr. Moreno fails to mention that the Archbishop denied its authenticity and that the reporter who wrote it was discharged. I call this a small matter because, even though the interview was not given by the Archbishop, the reporter at least guessed with fair accuracy at what His Excellency might have been thinking about the Constitution of 1917. His thoughts on the subject were quite in accord with those of all who knew what a travesty on representative government that constitution actually was.

Mr. Moreno likewise fails to mention that, though this constitution — never submitted to the Mexican people — called for regulatory

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laws by Congress before certain of its provisions could be put into effect, nevertheless Mr. Calles began to enforce the antireligious sections at once. Mr. Moreno will remember, for example, the expulsion from the country of more than a thousand foreign-born clergymen under circumstances of great cruelty. The Constitution did not order such expulsion.

Mr. Moreno complains bitterly against the closing of the churches. He does not, however, mention that the Constitution did away with the identity of the Church. Why complain against a body that legally — he is a stickler for the law — did not exist? Later, when President Portes Gil admitted the existence and identity of the Church and — even though with crossed fingers — her freedom, the houses of worship were at once opened.

Mr. Moreno, a bit dramatically, asks: "What is it that the Mexican Catholic clergy is fighting for?" The answer ought to have suggested itself promptly to his mind. It, as well as the Mexican people as a whole, is fighting for such elemental rights as freedom to worship God and to preach the Gospel. In other words, they are fighting for the things that the free people of these United States does *not* have to fight for.

Mr. Moreno is also in deep distress over some ruthless methods of warfare indulged in by the Cristeros. I mingle my laments with his. But I cannot fail to note that he does not utter any lament over the far more frequent and far more ruthless methods of warfare on the part of his revolutionary friends, methods in operation for three quarters of a century.

Mr. Moreno tells Catholics dogmatically that "relief cannot be had as long as the Church maintains its defiance of the law." Did he recall that there was a *Modus Vivendi* arrived at in 1929 and that it was not the Church which violated it? But, that aside, what bewilderment comes to a reasoning mind in learning that the Church can expect no relief except by agreeing not to take any?

The "Persecuted" Indians

Let us have a look at Mr. Moreno's idea of history. He says that

> the Indians were despoiled of their lands and were kept in virtual slavery even after slavery had been abolished by law.

If he means that the clergy really was the agency responsible for the enslavement of the Indians and the taking of their lands, how does he reconcile his opinion with the facts admitted only a few lines before, viz: that "monks and priests protected the enslaved Indians" and that "they won from the king legal recognition of the Indians' right to own the communal farms"? Granting its full measure of praise to Mr. Moreno's great liberality, one cannot fail to note that his consistency limps a bit.

Recalling to mind the fact that Mr. Moreno is presenting an indictment against the clergy, may I point out that it seems also a bit inconsistent to state, as he does, that "the king was head of the temporal administration of the Church" and then forthright to accuse the clergy of mistakes — putting it mildly — in such temporal administration? He does not say, for example, that the clergy brought over the Inquisition. He only implies it. He does not say that it was really an arm of the state, which is a clear historical fact. He uses the name only to awaken prejudice. He does not say that the Indians were exempt from its jurisdiction but lets his readers infer that it was used against them. Surely he must have known the facts.

But I may here be wronging him. It does not appear clearly that Mr. Moreno does know the facts. If he really knew them when he wrote, I do not think he would have put himself into the position of stating that the clergy burnt the "records kept for centuries by the Aztecs of the history and civilization of their people." He would have known that these were burnt by the Indians themselves in their wars for tribute. He would also have avoided the mistake of using the designation of one tribe for many. He would have known and admitted that the native civilization he was thinking of had passed away centuries before the accused clergy came to the New World and that what the clergy found was not a civilization but a feathered savagery. He would likewise have known that, had the clergy not substituted European civilization for what it found in Mexico, he — presuming that he is of Mexican origin* — might now be gnawing the shin bone of a dead rival tribesman, instead of making appearances as a "Roman Catholic" propagandist for the Mexican government in Presbyterian churches and trying to eat away the reputation of the civilizers of his ancestors.

*Editor's Note: — *Mr. Moreno is, as he stated in his article, an American citizen by birth, of Latin parentage.*

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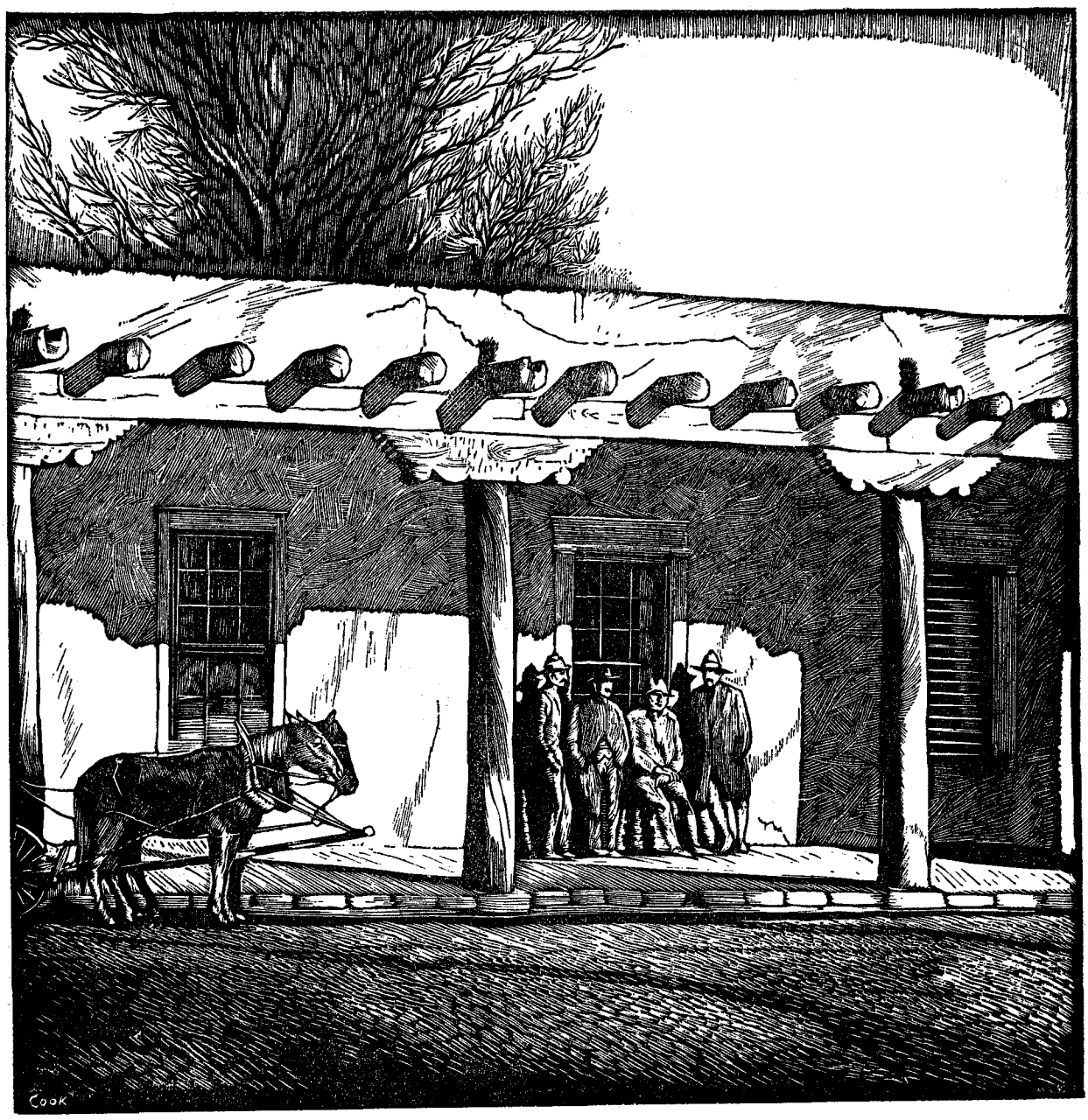
Mr. Moreno freely scatters inconsistencies over his indictment. All blame he places on the clergy. Not a bit goes to the authors of the laws which made liberty of conscience and the practice of religion possible only in secret. He approves of these laws by charging disobedience to them a crime. What would he say about the "crime" of the American colonists for their rebellion against the Stamp Act? What about the "crime" of the Puritans and the Cavaliers in protesting against the laws of England? If the Catholics of Mexico should be persecuted today for what Mr. Moreno says their religious ancestors did three hundred years ago, why not suggest persecuting the descendants of the Puritans who burned witches, hanged Quakers, and drove the Baptists into exile? Surely Mr. Moreno forgets that he is an American citizen, supposedly enjoying a heritage which includes "inalienable rights" such as "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Libels on the Clergy

Mr. Moreno seems to have been most fortunate in being on the ground whenever anything happened that he could cite as a Catholic "atrocity." A priest offered to bless his home for a hundred pesos. Any priest would bless any home for nothing. As a "Roman Catholic" Mr. Moreno knows or should know that. And would any priest be guilty of the stupidity of suggesting the need of a blessing on a house because an atheist once lived in it? I do not bless my rooms in hotels, though I am



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quite sure that they all at some time must have housed atheists. Is the clergy of Mexico ignorant? I know many of its members. I met them in colleges and universities of Europe. With no desire to cast aspersions on Mr. Moreno's mental equipment but merely to state a fact that any educated Roman Catholic would be likely to know, the number of ignorant Mexican clergymen I met would not exhaust the counting capacity of the fingers of one hand.

Mr. Moreno follows other propaganda writers in suggesting the thought that numerically Mexico had too many clergymen. When its population numbered only 6,122,354 (that was in 1810, the year of Hidalgo) the total number of clergymen was 7,341 — that is, one for every 834 persons in the country. In these United States the Catholic proportion was (in 1917) 1 to 776, while the Protestant proportion averaged 1 to 153. And the numbers of the Mexican clergy declined, while the population increased. In 1910 the figure was 1 to 3,000. Mr. Moreno's charge could then, with much more truth, be brought against the American Protestant ministry. But that would never do.

Naturally I expected to hear about the Patronage. All Mexican Government propagandists mention it and, in the next breath, charge the Church with desiring a union with the state. But none of them cares to add that it was the clergy which, by rejecting the claim of the Republic to the Patronage, made the continuation of such a union impossible.

The Patronage was granted by the Pope, so that, as the Christian faith advanced, the Church could at once organize her work. In few cases was the confidence of the Church in the early kings misplaced, though there were some abuses. It is self-evident that human beings make mistakes. The Patronage gave the missions support and efficiency, but it lasted too long. Not all the kings and viceroys handled it for the glory of God. It was not, by its very nature, a permanent gift but an emergency measure.

But no wonder the Mexican politicians were angry when it was refused them. In practice here, such a patronage would give the President of the United States the power to control the appointments not only of every Catholic bishop and every head of a Catholic religious order but also of all the Anglican and Methodist

bishops, in fact of every actual head or pastor of every religious body in the country, of every parish and pulpit from New York to Chicago, down to the poorest crossroad rural church or meetinghouse. No wonder the Mexican Government officials have never ceased to shed tears over the lost Patronage. Think of the political power that went out of their hands with it.

But why bring the Patronage to the attention of American readers? When they know what it really was, their own principles must force them to tell Mr. Moreno and other good "Roman Catholics" that the Church did a fine thing in taking the first opportunity definitely offered to cut this bondage to the state. Imagine Mr. Calles or Mr. Morones or Mr. Garrido Canabal or Mr. Portes Gil influencing the selection of the Christian leaders of the country. For that matter, admitting that the Episcopalian Mr. Roosevelt might perhaps make a better job of it, how would the Methodists like the Honorable James A. Farley helping to pick their bishops; or how would the Catholics enjoy having, say, Mr. Cordell Hull given power to present the Church with a new Archbishop of Baltimore? (Not that he might not like to do it.)

The Church in Mexico paid with martyrdom for her freedom from the state. In fact, to the

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denial of the Patronage to the politicians can easily be traced a century of persecution. But it will continue to be denied. Only England now has anything like it, for only in England are bishops (but not Catholic bishops) appointed by the government, though Herr Hitler has tried his hand at it for the Lutherans and burned all his fingers.

Religious Freedom the Issue

There are questions which might be asked Mr. Moreno. These few, for example: Does he know that the tribal records were only pictures, which meant nothing without the oral legends, and that what we have of them were preserved by the clergy? Does he really believe that "in 1808 the people moved against the politico-religious system which crushed them"? Were not the early revolts against Napoleon's usurper and in favor of the King of Spain? Did he ever hear that "more than two centuries passed without more permanent troops in New Spain than an escort of halberdiers for the Viceroy"? Alaman said that. Fisher gives the number of soldiers as 20. Did he ever learn that, when the English took Habana in 1762, all the alarmed Mexicans had for defense was an armed force of 2,746 men, scattered from Florida to Vera Cruz? Or that the Mexican people could have ousted Spain at any time in more than two centuries and that Hidalgo had to raise the banner of loyalty to Spain in 1810 to attract followers? If he is in ignorance of these facts, he, as a "Roman Catholic," may now rise and give three rousing cheers. It was not the Spain that civilized Mexico the Mexicans were after but a French threat of religious persecution in Spain. Above all, does not Mr. Moreno know full well that the Church "wealth" was the endowments of universities, colleges, hospitals, and the like and that when these were seized Mexico had to give up her free schools (founded by the clergy) and gradually descend to the illiterate condition of the present day? I am quite willing to repeat for his information what already has been stated with documentation in my book, *Blood-Drenched Altars*. The facts are already established and made altogether impregnable by the findings of historians!

It was the confiscation of the endowments for education, hospitals, and missions (the Church "wealth") that brought the curse of illiteracy and hopeless poverty on so many of the Mexican people; for with it went the free schools and hospitals, the colleges, and the university. And who got it? The politicians and the revolutionists. The record is there to read. All the early confiscations were made to supply money for the ambitions and comfort of generals and revolution-made presidents. Most of what was left of it, after the leaders had their graft, was used for arms and wholesale killings.

And how little is said about the well-known wealth of the grafters. Did not a Mexican paper (*El Hombre Libre*, July, 1935) charge that General Calles looted the Banco de Mexico (and other government institutions over which he had control) of 12,000,000 pesos, through unpaid loans? The El Mante development alone, personal property of Calles, cost these institutions 8,000,000 pesos. What of General Obregon's unpaid loans from the Federal Land Bank, the Banco de Mexico, etc., of 5,000,000 pesos? Did not Calles, with government funds, finance his fruit monopoly in Morelos and his hacienda, Soledad de la Mota?

But Calles changed only methods. The whole history of Mexican revolutionists is a record of suddenly acquired wealth by the generals, presidents, and their followers. Mr. Moreno knows all this; but did he bring out the facts, so as to give his American readers the full truth? He did not. One good thing, however, he did do. He furnished others the opportunity to make up for the omissions.

The whole basic question which Mr. Moreno dodges may be put into a few words: Can religious persecution be justified under a democratic form of government? Has a minority in power the right to set at naught the liberty of conscience?

Pull these two questions out of the hole Mr. Moreno wishes them to stay in — buried under a heap of falsehoods and appeals to age-old prejudices — and let them stand alone before the judicial eye of modern civilization.

The present situation is Juarez and Calles against Washington and Jefferson — nothing less. If Mr. Moreno's friends really want the sympathy of Americans, let them proclaim religious liberty for Mexico as it exists in these United States, and they may have a valid claim on that sympathy.

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Notes of a War Nurse—I

A Diary without Dates

by **ENID BAGNOLD**

I LIKE DISCIPLINE. I like to be part of an institution. It gives one more liberty than is possible among three or four observant friends.

It is always cool and wonderful after the monotony of the dim hospital, its half-lit corridors stretching as far as one can see, to come out into the dazzling starlight and climb the hill, up into the trees and shrubberies here.

The wind was terrible tonight. I had to battle up, and the leaves were driven down the hill so fast that once I thought it was a motor-bicycle.

Madeleine's garden next door is all deserted now: they have gone up to London. The green-asphalt tennis court is shining with rain, the blue pond brown with slime; the little statues and bowls are lying on their sides to keep the wind from putting them forcibly there; and all over the house are white draperies and ghost chairs.

When I walk in the garden I feel like a ghost left over from the summer too.

II

IT TAKES ALL sorts to make a hospital. For instance, the Visitors. . . .

There is the lady who comes in to tea and wants to be introduced to everyone as though it were a school treat.

She jokes about the cake, its scarcity or its quantity, and makes a lot of "fun" about two lumps of sugar.

When she is at her best, the table assumes a perfect and listening silence — not the silence of the critic but the silence of the absorbed child treasuring every item of talk for future use. After she goes, the joy of her will last them all the evening.

There is the lady who comes in to tea and, sitting down at the only unlaid table, cries, "Nurse! I have no knife or plate or cup; and I prefer a glass of boiling water to tea. And would you mind sewing this button on my glove?"

There is the lady who comes in and asks the table at large: "I wonder if anyone knows General Biggens? I once met him. . . ."

Or: "You've been in Gallipoli? Did you run across my young cousin, a lieutenant in the . . . ? Well, he was only there two days or so, I suppose . . ." exactly as though she were talking about Cairo in the season.

Today there was the Limit.

She sat two paces away from where I sit to pour out tea. Her face was kind but inquisitive, with that brown liver-look round the eyes and a large, rakish hat. She comes often, having heard of him through the padre, to see a Canadian whom she doesn't know and who doesn't want to see her.

From two places away I heard her voice piping up: "Nurse, excuse my asking, but is your cap a regulation one, like all the others?"

I looked up, and all the tea I was pouring poured over the edge. Mr. Pettitt and Captain Matthew, between us, looked down at their plates.

I put my hand to my cap. "Is anything wrong? It ought to be like the others."

She leaned towards me, nodding and smiling with bonhomie, and said flatteringly, "It's so prettily put on, I thought it was different."

And then (horror): "Don't you think Nurse puts her cap on well?" she asked Captain Matthew, who, looking harder than ever at his plate and reddening to the ears, mumbled something which did not particularly commit him since it couldn't be heard.

The usual delighted silence began to creep round the table, and I tried wildly to divert her attention before our end became a stage and the rest of the table an audience.

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"I think it's so nice to see you sitting down with them all," she cooed; "it's so cozy for them."

"Is your cup empty?" I said furiously, and held out my hand for it. But it wasn't, of course; she couldn't even do that for me.

She shook hands with me when she went away and said she hoped to come again. And she will.

There was once a lady who asked me very loudly whether I "see many horrible sights," and "do the V.A.D.'s have to go to the funerals?"

And another who cried out with emotion when she saw the first officer limp in to Mess — "And can some of them *walk*, then?" Perhaps she thought they came in to tea on stretchers, with field bandages on. She quivered all over, too, as she looked from one to the other, and I feel sure she went home and broke down, crying, "What an experience . . . the actual wounds!"

III

My Sister is afraid of death. She told me so. And not the less afraid, she said, after all she has seen of it. That is terrible.

But the new Sister is afraid of life. She is shorter-sighted.

The rain has been pouring all day.

Tonight it has stopped, and all the hill is steam and drizzle and black with the blackness that war has thrust upon the countryside.

My Sister has gone.

Two nights ago I went up to a dinner at Madeleine's and to stay the night. My Sister said, "Go and enjoy yourself!" And I did. It is very amusing, the change into rooms full of talk and light; I feel a glow of pleasure as I climb to the room Madeleine calls mine and find the reflection of the fire on the blue wallpaper.

The evening wasn't remarkable, but I came back full of descriptions to the bunk and Sister next day.

I was running on, inventing this and that, making her laugh, when suddenly I looked up, and she had tears in her eyes.

I wavered and came to a stop. She got up suddenly and moved about the room and then, with a muttered "Wash my hands," disappeared into the corridor.

I sat and thought: Is it that she has her life settled, quietly continuous, and one breaks in . . . ? Does the wind from outside hurt?

I regretted it all the evening.

Yesterday I arrived at the hospital and couldn't find the store-cupboard keys, then ran across to her room and tapped at the door.

Her voice called "Come in!" and I found her huddled in an armchair, unnerved and white. I asked her for the keys, and when she gave them to me she held out her hand and said: "I'm going away tomorrow. They are sending me home; they say I'm ill."

I muttered something with a feeling of shock and, going back to my bunk, I brooded.

The new Sister came in, and a new V.A.D. too, explaining that my former companion was now going into a ward.

A sense of desolation was in the air, a ruthlessness on the part of someone unknown. Shuffle, shuffle. . . . They shuffle us like cards.

I rose and began to teach the new V.A.D. the subtle art of laying trays. She seemed stupid.

I didn't want to share my trays with her. I love them; they are my recreation. I hung over them idly, hardly laying down the spoons I held in my hand, but, standing with them, chivvied the new V.A.D. until her movements became flustered and her eye distraught.

She was very ugly. I thought: In a day or two I shall get to like her and then I shan't be able to chivvy her.

IV

Pain. . . . To stand up straight on one's feet, strong, easy, without the surging of any physical sensation, by a bedside whose coverings are flung here and there by the quivering nerves beneath it . . . there is a sort of shame in such strength.

"What can I do for you?" my eyes cry dumbly into his clouded brown pupils.

I was told to carry trays from a ward where I had never been before — just to carry trays, orderly's work, no more.

No. 22 was lying flat on his back, his knees drawn up under him, the sheets up to his chin; his flat, chalk-white face tilted at the ceiling. As I bent over to get his untouched tray, his tortured brown eyes fell on me.

"I'm in pain, Sister," he said.

No one has ever said that to me before in that tone.

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He gave me the look that a dog gives, and his words had the character of an unformed cry.

He was quite alone at the end of the ward. The Sister was in her bunk. My white cap attracted his desperate senses.

As he spoke, his knees shot out from under him with his restless pain. His right arm was stretched from the bed in a narrow, iron frame, reminding me of a hand laid along a harp to play the chords, the fingers, with their swollen, green flesh, extended across the strings of the instrument; but of this harp his fingers were the slaves and not the masters.

"Shall I call your Sister?" I whispered to him.

He shook his head. "She can't do anything. I must just stick it out. They're going to operate on the elbow but they must wait three days first."

His head turned from side to side, but his eyes never left my face. I stood by him, helpless, overwhelmed by his horrible loneliness.

Drawings by Edward C. Caswell

Then I carried his tray down the long ward and past the Sister's bunk. Within, by the fire, she was laughing with the M.O. and drinking a cup of tea — a harmless amusement.

"The officer in Number 22 says he's in great pain," I said doubtfully. (It wasn't my ward, and Sisters are funny.)

"I know," she said quite decently, "but I can't do anything. He must stick it out."

I looked through the ward door once or twice during the evening, and still his knees, at the far end of the room, were moving up and down.

V

MY FEET ACHE, ache, ache . . . ! End of the first day.

Life in a ward is all scurry and rush. I don't reflect; I'm putting on my cap anyhow, and my hands are going to the dogs.

I shall never get to understand Sisters; they are so strange, so tricky, uncertain as collies. Deep down they have an ineradicable axiom: that any visitor, anyone in an old musquash coat, in a high-boned collar, in a spotted veil tied up at the sides, anyone with whom one shakes hands or takes tea is more important than the most charming patient (except, of course, a warded M.O.).

For this reason the "mouths" of the pillow-cases are all turned to face up the ward, away from the door.

I think plants in a ward are a barbarism, for as they are always arranged on the table by the door, it is again obvious that they are intended to minister only to the eyes of the visitors, that race of gods.

In our ward there are eighteen fern pots, some in copper, some in pink china, three in mauve paper, and one hanging basket of ferns. All of these have to be taken out on the landing at night and in again in the morning, and they have to be soaked under the tap.

The Sisters' minds are as yet too difficult for me, but in the minds of the V.A.D.'s I see certain salient features. I see already manifested in them the ardent longing to be alike. I know and remember this longing; it was present through all my early years in a large boarding school; but there it was naturally corrected by the changes of growth and the inexpertness of youth. Here I see, for the first time, grown women trying with all the concentration of their fuller years to be as like one another as it is possible to be.

There is a certain dreadful innocence about them, too, as though each would protest, "In spite of our tasks, our often immodest tasks, our minds are white as snow."

And, as far as I can see, their conception of a white female mind is the silliest, most mulish, incurious, unresponsive, condemning kind of an ideal that a human creature could set before it.

At present I am so humble that I am content to do all the labor and take none of the temperatures but I can see very well that it is when I reach a higher plane that all the trouble will begin.

The ranklings, the heartburnings, the gross injustices. . . . Who is to make the only poultice? Who is to paint the very septic throat of Mr. Mullins, Army Service Corps? Who is to — dizzy splendor — go round with the

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M.O., should the Sister be off for a half-day?

These and other questions will form the pride and anguish of my inner life.

It is wonderful to go up to London and dine and stay the night with Madeleine, after the hospital.

The hospital — a sort of monotone, a place of whispers and wheels moving on rubber tires, long corridors and strangely unsexed women moving in them. Unsexed not in any real sense — but the white clothes, the hidden hair, the stern, white collar just below the chin give them an air of schoolgirlishness, an air and a look women don't wear in the world. They seem unexpectant.

Then at Madeleine's . . . the light, the talk, the deep bath got ready for me by a maid, instead of my getting it ready for a patient. . . .

Not that I mind getting it ready: I like it. Only the change! It's like being, turn and turn about, maid and mistress.

Tomorrow I have to take down all the decorations that I put up for Christmas. When I put them up I never thought I should be the one to take them down.

While I was untying a piece of holly from the electric-light cords on the ceiling and a patient was holding the ladder for me, a young padre came and pretended to help us, but while he stood with us he whispered to the patient, "Are you a communicant?" I felt a wave of heat and anger; I could have dropped the holly on him.

They hung up their stockings on Christmas night on walking sticks hitched over the ends of the beds and under the mattresses. Such big stockings! Many of them must have played Father Christmas in their own homes, to their own children, on other Christmases.

On Christmas Eve I didn't leave the hospital till long after the day Sisters had gone and the night Sisters came on. The wards were all quiet as I walked down the corridor, and to left and right through the glass doors hung the rows of expectant stockings.

The hospital is alive; I feel it like a living being.

The hospital is like a dream. I am afraid of waking up and finding it commonplace.

The white Sisters, the ceaselessly changing patients, the long passages, the sudden plunges into the brilliant wards . . . their scenery hypnotizes me.

Sometimes in the late evening one walks busily up and down the ward doing this and that, forgetting that there is anything beyond the drawn blinds, engrossed in the patients, one's tasks — bed making, washing, one errand and another — and then suddenly a blind will blow out and almost up to the ceiling, and through it you will catch a glimpse that makes you gasp, of a black night crossed with bladed searchlights, of a moon behind a crooked tree.

The lifting of the blind is a miracle; I do not believe in the wind.

My ruined charms cry aloud for help.

The cap wears away my front hair; my feet are widening from the everlasting boards; my hands won't take my rings.

I was advised last night on the telephone to marry immediately before it is too late.

A desperate remedy. I will try cold cream and hair tonics first.

VI

THERE IS A tuberculosis ward across the landing. They call it the T.B. ward.

It is a den of coughs and harrowing noises.

One night I saw a Negro standing in the doorway with his long hair done up in hairpins. He is the pet of the T.B. ward; they call him Henry.

Henry came in to help us with our Christmas decorations on Christmas Eve, and as he cleverly made wreaths my Sister whispered to me, "He's never spitting . . . in the ward!"

But he wasn't; it was part of his language — little clicks and ticks. He comes from somewhere in Central Africa, and one of the T.B.'s told me, "He's only got one wife, Nurse."

He is very proud of his austerity for he has somehow discovered that he has hit on a country where it is the nutty thing to have only one wife.

No one can speak a word of his language, no one knows exactly where he comes from; but he can say in English, "Good morning, Sister!" and "Christmas Box!" and "One!"

Directly one takes any notice of him, he laughs and clicks, holding up one finger, crying, "One!"

Then a proud T.B. (they regard him as the Creator might regard a hummingbird) explains: "He means he's only got one wife, Nurse."

Then he did his second trick. He came to me with outstretched black hand and took my

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apron, fingering it. Its whiteness slipped between his fingers. He dropped it and, holding up the hand with its fellow, ducked his head to watch me with his glinting eyes.

"He means," explained the versatile T.B., "that he has ten pickaninnies in his village and they're all dressed in white."

It took my breath away; I looked at Henry for corroboration. He nodded earnestly, coughed, and whispered, "Ten!"

"How do you know he means that?" I asked. "How can you possibly have found out?"

"We got pictures, Nurse. We showed 'im kids, and 'e said 'e got ten — six girls and four boys. We showed 'im pictures of kids."

I had never seen Henry before, never knew he existed. But, in the ward opposite, the poor T.B.'s had been holding conversations with him in window seats, showing him pictures, painfully establishing a communion with him . . . Henry, with his hair done up in hairpins!

Although they showed him off with conscious pride, I don't think he really appeared strange to them, beyond his color. I believe they imagine his wife as appearing much as their own wives, his children as the little children who run about their own doorsteps. They do not stretch their imaginations to conceive any strangeness about his home surroundings to correspond with his own strangeness.

To them Henry has the dignity of a man and a householder, possibly a ratepayer.

He seems quite happy and amused. I see him carrying a bucket sometimes, sharing its handle with a flushed T.B. They carry on animated conversations as they go down stairs, the T.B. talking the most. Like a child and a dog.

What strange machinery is there for getting him back? Part of the cargo of a ship . . . one day . . . "a nigger for Central Africa. . . ."

"Where's his unit?"

Who knows! One nigger and his bundle . . . for Central Africa!

VII

How the blinds blew and the windows shook tonight! . . . I walked out of the hospital into a gale, with clouds driving to the sea, trees bending back and forth across the moon.

I walked till I was warm and then I walked for happiness.

The maddening shine of the moon held my eyes, and I walked in the road like a fool, watching her — till at last, bringing my eyes down, the telegraph posts were small as blades of grass on the hillside and the shining ribbon tracks in the mud on the road ran up the hill forever. They go to Dover, and Dover is France — and France leads anywhere.

To what lost enchantment am I recalled by the sight of a branch across the moon? Something in childhood, something which escapes yet does not wither. . . .

As I passed the public house on the crest of the hill, all black and white in the cold moonlight, a heavy door swung open and, with a cough and a deep, satisfied snuffle, a man coming out let a stream of gaslight across the road. If I were a man I should certainly go to public houses. All the polished brass and glass boxed up away from the moon and the shadows would call to me. And to drink must be a happy thing when you have climbed the hill.

VIII

The hump under the blanket rolls over; a man's solemn face appears on the pillow.

"Can you get me a book, Nurse?"

"Yes. What kind do you like?"

"Nothing fanciful; something that might be true."

"All right!"

"Oh — and, Nurse . . . ?"

"Yes?"

"Not sentimental and not funny. I like a practical story."

I got him *Lord Jim*.

Another voice: "Nurse, is there any modern French poetry in that bookcase?"

"Good heavens, no! Who would have brought it here?"

(Who are they all . . . these men with their differing tastes?)

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Perhaps the angels feel like this as they trail about in heaven with their wings flapping on their thin, white legs. . . .

"Who were you, Angel?"

"I was a beggar outside San Marco."

"Were you? How odd! I was an Englishman."

IX

WE HAD A CONVOY last night. There was a rumor at tea time, and suddenly I came round a corner on an orderly full of such definite information as:

"There's thirty officers, Nurse, an 'undred an' eighty men comin' in the convoy tonight."

I flew back to the bunk with the news, and we sat down to our tea wondering and discussing how many each ward would get.

Presently the haughty Sister from downstairs came to the door: she held her thin, white face high, and her rimless glasses gleamed as she inquired, overcasually, after asking for a hot-water bottle that had been loaned us: "Have you many beds?"

"Have they many beds?" — the question that starts up among the competing wards.

And, "I don't want any; I've enough to do as it is!" is the false, cloaking answer that each Sister gives to the other.

But my Sisters are frank women; they laughed at my excitement — themselves not unstirred. It's so long since we've had a convoy.

The gallants of the ward showed annoyance. New men, new interests. . . . They drew together and played bridge.

A little flying boy, with bright eyes, said in his high, piping voice to me across the ward: "So there are soldiers coming into the ward tonight!"

I paused, struck by his accusing eyes.

"What do you mean? Soldiers . . . ?"

"I mean men who have been to the front, Nurse."

The gallants raised their eyebrows and grew uproarious.

The gallants have been saying unprofessional things to me, and I haven't minded. The convoy will arm me against them. "Soldiers are coming into the ward."

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock. . . . If only one could eat something! I took a sponge finger out of a tin, resolving to pay it back out of my tea next day, and stole round to the dark corner near the German ward to eat it. The Germans were in bed; I could see two of them. At last, freed from their uniforms, the dark blue with the scarlet soup plates, they looked — how strange! — like other men.

One was asleep. The other — I met his eyes so close; but I was in the dark, and he under the light of a lamp.

I knew what was happening down at the station two miles away; I had been on station duty so often. The rickety country station lit by one large lamp; the thirteen waiting V.A.D.'s; the long, wooden table loaded with mugs of every size; kettles boiling; the white clock ticking on; that frowsy booking clerk. . . .

Then the sharp bell, the tramp of the stretcher bearers through the station, and at last the two engines drawing gravely across the lighted doorway and carriage windows filled with eager faces, other carriage windows with beds slung across them, a vast red cross, a chemist's shop, a theater, more windows, more faces. . . .

The stretcher men are lined up; the M.O. meets the M.O. with the train; the train Sisters drift in to the coffee table.

"Here they come! Walkers first. . . ."

The station entrance is full of men crowding in and taking the steaming mugs of tea and coffee, men on pickaback with bandaged feet, men with only a nose and one eye showing, with stumbling legs, bound arms. The station, for five minutes, is full of jokes and witticisms; then they pass out and into the waiting charabancs.

A long pause.

"Stretchers!"

The first stretchers are laid on the floor.

There I have stood so often, pouring the tea behind the table, watching that littered floor, the single gas lamp ever revolving on its chain, turning the shadows about the room like a wheel — my mind filled with pictures, emptied of thoughts, hypnotized.

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Now it only remains to walk home, hungry, under a heavy moon.

The snow is running down the gutters. What a strange and penetrating smell of spring! February . . . can it be yet?

The running snow is uncovering something that has been delayed. In the garden a blackbird made a sudden cry in the hedge. I did smell spring and I'm starving. . . .

"A gentleman . . . a gentleman. . . ." I am so tired of this cry for a "gentleman."

Why can't they do very well with what they've got?

Here in the wards the Sisters have the stuff the world is made of laid out, bedded, before their eyes; the ups and downs of man from the four corners of the Empire and the hundred corners of social life, helpless and in pyjamas — and they're not satisfied but must cry for a "gentleman"!

"I couldn't make a friend of that man!" the youngest Sister loves to add to her criticism of a patient.

It isn't my part as a V.A.D. to cry, "Who wants you to?"

"I couldn't trust that man!" the youngest Sister will say equally often.

This goes deeper. . . .

But whom need one trust? Brother, lover, friend . . . no more. Why wish to trust all the world? . . .

"They are not real men," she says, "not men through and through."

That's where she goes wrong; they are men through and through — patchy, ordinary, human. She means they are not men after her pattern.

Something will happen in the ward. Once I have touched this bedrock in her I shall be forever touching it till it gets sore!

One should seek for no response. They are not elastic, these nuns. . . .

X

THOSE DISTANT guns again tonight. . . . Now a lull, and now a bombardment; again a lull, and then batter, batter, and the windows tremble. Is the lull when *they* go over the top?

I can think only of death tonight. I tried to think just now, "What is it, after all? Death comes anyway: this only hastens it." But that won't do; no philosophy helps the pain of death. It is pity, pity, pity that I feel and sometimes a sort of shame that I am here to write this at all.

Summer. . . . Can it be summer through whose hot air the guns shake and tremble? The honeysuckle, whose little stalks twinkled and shone that January night, has broken at each woody end into its crumbled flower.

Where is the frost, the snow? . . . Where are the dead?

Where is my trouble and my longing and the other troubles and the happiness in other summers?

Alas, the long history of life! There is that in death that makes the throat contract and the heart catch: everything we know is written in water.

We talk of tablets to the dead. There can be none but in the heart, and the heart fades finally.

I said to Pinker this morning, "I wish you'd hurry up over your bath; I've got to get it scrubbed out by nine."

"Don't you hurry me, Nurse," said Pinker tartly. "It's the on'y time I can think, in me bath."

I should like to have parried with Pinker (only my language is so much more complicated than it ought to be) that thinking in one's bath is a self-deception. I lay in my own bath last night and thought very deep thoughts, but often when we think our thoughts are deep they are only vague. Bath thoughts are wonderful, but there's nothing to them.

We had a heated discussion today as to whether the old lady who leaves a tract beneath a single rose by each bedside could longer be tolerated.

"She is a nuisance," said the Sister. "The men make more noise afterwards, because they set her hymns to ragtime."

"What good does it do them?" said the V.A.D. ". . . and I have to put the roses in water!"

I rode the highest horse of all: "Her inquiries about their souls are an impertinence. Why should they be bothered?"

These are the sort of things they used to say in debating societies. But life talks differently. . . .

Pinker said, "Makes the po'r ole lady 'appy."

(*Concluded next month*)

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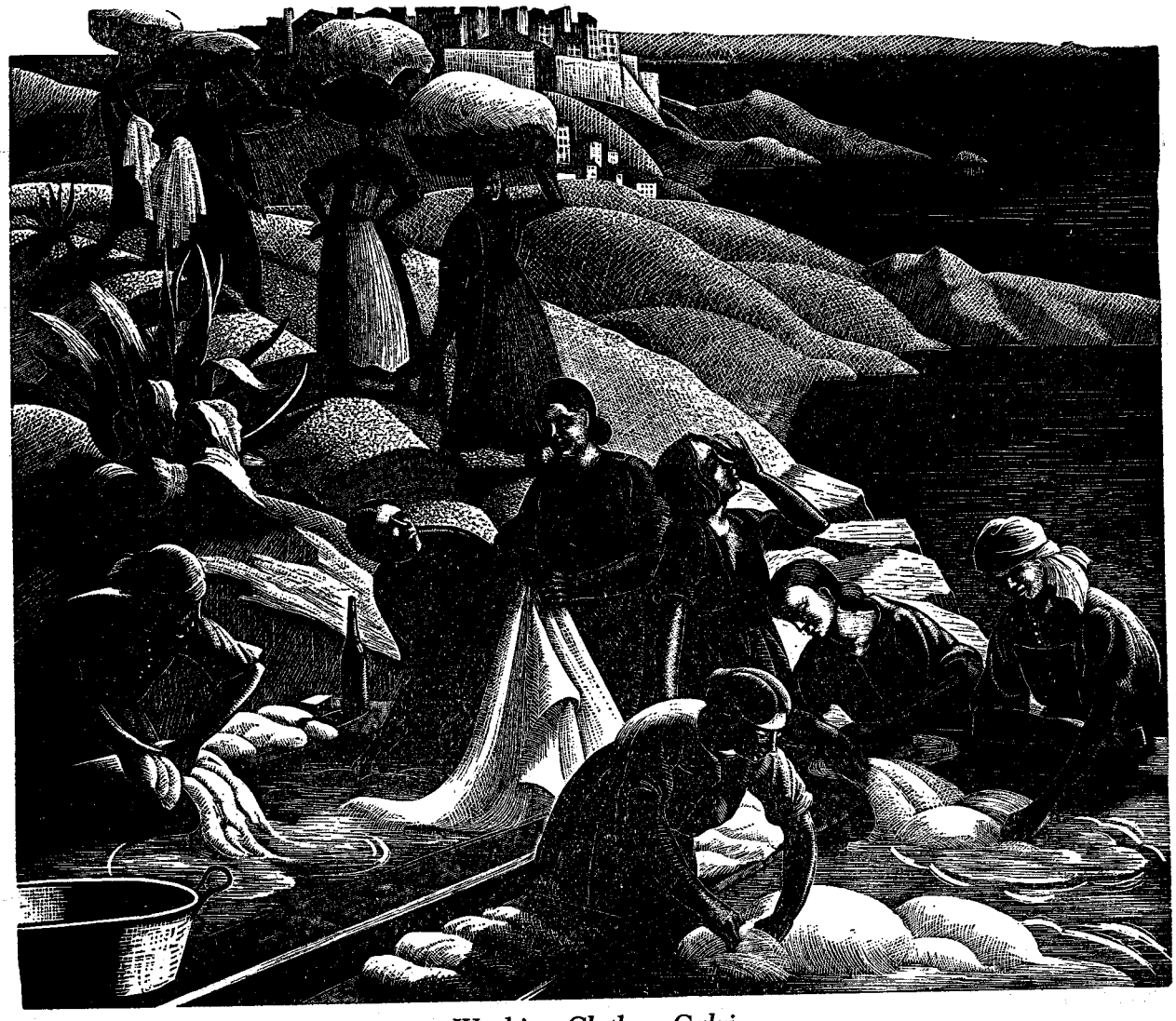

Washing Clothes, Calvi

Mediterranean Women

Three Wood Engravings

by **CLARE LEIGHTON**

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IN THESE PEACEFUL scenes of Mediterranean life, Clare Leighton again displays her rare ability to express character and type, not only in feature and costume but in gesture and attitude. You feel that she understands as well as sees and that, for the time being, she has made herself one of these sturdy peasant women, native to the earth as they are, knowing intimately the uncomplicated range and motion of their simple lives.

Courtesy of the Albany Print Club

Corsican Washer Girl

Net Menders

Courtesy of the Woodcut Society, Kansas City

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Peace and Abundance

by **OLIVER WILLIAMS**

OUR LIFE IS often called too complex to be understood. Should we change places, however, with a savage on the bank of the Congo River, we might appreciate how mysterious is the jungle.

When we refuse to look our realities in the eye we are not immediately torn to pieces as is the Waboman native by an unnoticed lion. But, if we persist in being unaware of the bite of simple economic laws, we are doomed to a collective death of one sort or another. The starkest fact in the world today is that America is destroying her crops. It is hard to believe this, but our nation, by law, is compelling the curtailment of her most effective industries. How many of us see something ominous in this — how many are moved by it as a bushman is drawn to attention by a strange rustling in his leafy sedge?

II

ONE RESULT of the planned sacrifice of American production is that other nations who urgently need our supplies are deprived of them. Little has been said of this, but it may prove to be the key factor of the whole post-War century.

Peace is far more vital to the human family than is the recovery of the wealth of some of its members, and the destruction of American abundance is creating tensions in the world which are forcing that organized butchery of men which we name by the short word "war."

When America declares by tariffs her refusal to exchange her surplus materials and manufactures, she has to limit their production. The effect of this on other nations is extremely important, for the United States is the world's greatest exporter. She has sent out three quarters of the raw cotton taken by the outside world, one sixth of the wheat and half of the tobacco. These figures are for 1932, and were reached despite the highest tariff taxes upon commerce in our history up to that time and notwithstanding the cessation of loans to foreign purchasers. Before the present period of nationalistic curtailment, America was producing two thirds of the world's petroleum, 40 per cent of its coal, over half of its pig iron, steel ingots, castings, and copper, and 95 per cent of its automobiles.

Unfortunately we have been a leader in enacting import taxes called tariffs which have prevented the free exchange of surpluses. Other nations have followed in self-defense, and world trade has dropped 30 per cent in quantity and 65 per cent in value. As a result, human life is turning back fifteen decades to isolation, violence and despotism.

Most important in this situation is the fact that countries like Japan, Germany, Italy, and smaller nations cannot produce in isolation enough foodstuffs and other materials to better their miserable economic condition. The unusable surplus which the United States will not exchange is their irreplaceable sustenance.

Germany, for example, stands partly idle, like a giant workman without employment — *arbeitslos*. The war of 1914–18 is not to be blamed for this. In fact, this condition (in far milder degree) was one reason for the strength of the imperial house which declared the war, for even in 1913 we had tariffs such as those of 60 per cent on china and 30 per cent on dyes and toys. Germany obtains as much of her outside supplies from America as from any two other countries, yet during the critical post-War years, when she was striving to build a new democracy out of thirty political parties, we refused to trade freely our low-cost Texas cotton, Chicago lard, Detroit automobiles, Bridgeport typewriters, and so on for her "dangerously cheap" dyes, Dresden china, Jena field glasses and the like. We maintained an outward balance of goods by unwise loans but exchange we would not.

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The result was to create a generation of German youths who have never experienced steady work, to destroy the German middle class by an inflation which made its savings worthless, and to render an entire population desperate. This highly developed and specialized people is normally as orderly and patient as we are. But there are limits to human toleration, and, when these limits are passed, a movement like National Socialism is a natural outcome.

Any group of hopeless men is likely to follow a leader who is unreasonable, intolerant, and cruel. Defeated and prostrated in a world which demanded reparations but would not take her handiwork, Germany is walled in, without prospect of peaceful advance. Even though many of us are Anglo-Saxons and as much Saxon as we are Anglian, we do not recognize her plight. Instead, we express by tariffs and currency unstabilization our refusal to let the land of Beethoven and Mozart work for us. And, not content with that, we declare a boycott on moral grounds and make the lot of the oppressed minorities, whom no one seems to have consulted, even more tragic. We have created a strange thing on earth, a mighty nation of economic untouchables. And, rather than suffer in peace, that country has armed and may go on to an attack in Southeastern Europe, as Italy threatens in Ethiopia, to try to obtain what to us is nothing but dull statistics — the cotton, pork, and oil which we might have produced.

III

ANOTHER COUNTRY for whom no good word is spoken in the United States is Japan. Yet her importance in our trade is manifest when we see that in 1929 we received nearly half of her exports. Nippon is the world's greatest importer of cotton and the third largest buyer of American products and in 1934 bought almost twice as much from us as we purchased of her. But she is even more disliked than is Germany.

We say that Japanese merchandise in our stores is too cheap. We condemn Nippon's goods as poor in quality, forgetting that our tariffs keep out most of the higher grades of Japanese manufactures. The Japanese wage scale (which our policy depresses) is called a national menace, but the real danger is in our own self-destruction — our planned reduction of the output of our most virile industries, on the theory that there is no market for it. That we could exchange these to us worthless things for valuable silks, stockings, ties, rugs, pottery, and so on, should we dare to make an economic experiment based on common sense, is proven by the long list of tariffs which we have written to keep these usable Japanese goods out of the country.

Japan, being a poor nation, has comparatively little capital investment. She has fewer resources and less machinery per worker than a wealthy country like America. Consequently her products represent a greater proportion of hand labor than do ours. To dispel General Johnson's nightmare that Nippon's low wages will flood us with machine production, we need only observe that low wages are less and less of an advantage in competition as the production in question becomes more and more automatic and employs less labor per article turned out.

Were they allowed to trade, the Japanese would invest in things less costly and for them more profitable than automatic machinery and cotton-land conquest. This has much to do with idle looms and electrical works in Massachusetts, coal mines and steel mills in the Alleghanies, and cotton gins in Georgia. Instead of inquiring how cheaply Nippon can produce a rail, we should ask, "How many?" Price is a matter not of cost but of supply and demand. A great increase in market can raise a price much more than a small addition to supply can lower it.

Despite the fact that the few machines which Japan has are keeping busy, her exports are not even 4 per cent of the world's total. Our imports for consumption of cotton textiles from Japan in the first third of 1935 amounted to but one tenth of our *exports* of these goods in 1929.

That being the case, it is difficult to explain why our cotton-textile manufacturers fall in line with the hand-labor industries — like sugar-beet cultivation, whose protective tariffs are reducing the cotton-purchasing power of every sugar consumer in America and forcing the unemployed Cuban and Javanese producers of cheap sugar to go without the cotton clothing which they so much need and which has been their principal article of importation. For all we know, the world could double its cotton consumption. As Edward Atkinson, treasurer of six cotton mills, wrote in 1875:

> We have failed to foster our exports of cotton

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> goods, and the result has come — a very small accumulation has caused an undue depression.

This opinion is just as true today (and as heretical) as it was when it was reached sixty years ago.

The effect upon the Japanese of America's tariffs on Japan's manufactures is comparable to the condition of Manhattan should the rest of America "protect" itself against merchandise from New York City. Only by organizing as a combat dictatorship could New Yorkers seize the supplies they would need.

Today the world outside of Japan will not let the Japanese island workshop manufacture for it. So Nippon's hope of betterment for her poverty-burdened millions may turn toward the control of part of the world outside, somewhere between China and Brazil. Need we be surprised if this be preceded by an eclipse of liberalism and by such military organization of Nippon as will make the operation as quick to succeed and as economical in human blood as possible? What else could one advise for Japan?

Cuba is a closer example of tariff destruction. The headlines have given reciprocity to Cuba, but on an inside page we find a tariff equivalent to 90 per cent of the world price of her mainstay product, sugar; plus a processing tax of one half cent a pound (or 50 per cent), which goes to American beet-sugar men as a bonus; plus a limitation of exports to America to one half of normal — the whole perpetuating a liberal quota of human degradation for Cuba.

During the war we urged the island to produce sugar. Americans have invested one thousand million dollars there. Now our costly regimenting of rows of American sugar beets makes us do an about-face away from cheap sugar. The result of this little detail of our grand-scale economic planning is to let misery stalk through Cuba.

IV

Frank H. Simonds has said:

> No system of organized peace is possible under present economic conditions. . . . War still constitutes the sole means of escape for upward of two hundred millions of people dwelling in three great powers.

If it be true that world peace is a corollary of world prosperity, then we can do nothing of more importance than to determine whether the trade policies which will allow other nations to achieve prosperity will hurt or benefit America. In the matter of immigration, we know that to admit foreign laborers into the American labor market will help the immigrants but lower the wages of our own workers. Does the same hold true of admitting foreign wealth in the form of merchandise?

Fortunately, it does not. In fact it might be said that our depression is due to our inability to distinguish between receiving foreign individuals and accepting foreign wealth.

Most Americans have no conviction on world trade and do not see that goods and not the measuring tape called dollars form our real wealth. It is not the gallon but the contents which are of use to us. We miss the very simple fact that the benefit of commerce is in the profit of getting more goods from outside than we can secure at home for the same amount of work. It is to secure this profit that ships have been built and that men have braved the oceans since time immemorial.

Bearing this in mind, it seems unbelievable that American economic relations with the overseas world have been based on a theory as senseless as that of the artificial equalization, by law, of the cost of manufacture of almost all objects between America and other countries. But such is the case, and to prove it we need only regale ourselves with the costly researches of our Tariff Commission, each with a foreword proclamation by a president of the United States, all to the end of determining our precise disadvantages in producing a long list of things from paintbrush handles to live bobwhite quail! In following this "scientific" trade policy, when it is found that it costs half as much more (or some other ratio) to imitate as it does to import, the import tax is placed at fifty per cent (or whatever the figure may be) of the foreign price of suits of Harris tweed, German precision instruments, Swiss watches, Parisian gloves, Italian Borsalino hats and Chianti wine, Argentine linseed oil for paint, Philippine coconut oil for soap, and so on.

Herbert Hoover, in *The Challenge to Liberty*, solemnly favored just this policy — a "simple proposal of differences in cost of production at home and abroad." Implying that tariffs were not important, Mr. Hoover said that two thirds of our imports were allowed to enter free of tariff duty. He might have added that,

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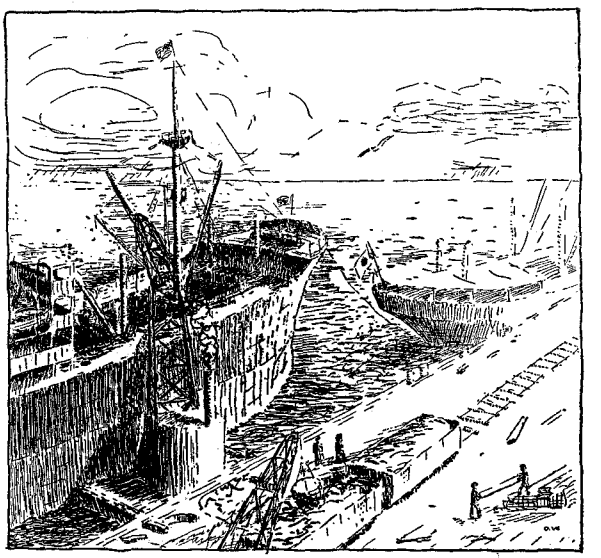
had we definitely excluded all but ten cents' worth of the products of other nations and let that ten cents' worth in duty-free, then *all* of our imports would have come in free of duty!

It is this sort of reasoning which challenges not only liberty but peace! President Roosevelt seems to have inherited his ideas about the principles of profitable trade from Mr. Hoover, for he thinks that tariffs should "maintain living standards." In *Looking Forward*, he said that tariffs should be based on the "difference of the cost of production at home and abroad." His statement that "the Democratic Party will put them as low as the preservation of American industry will permit" was equivocal, but not so was his breaking up of the London Conference in deference to home-made remedies for the depression. Later, on May 26, 1934, Mr. Roosevelt used powers conferred upon him by the National Recovery Act to impose a quota and heavy import fees on rugs coming from Japan. And in similar vein we have the news that only American wine will be served in the White House.



Drawn by the author

The Roosevelt Administration manages to satisfy the protectionists without offending those whose hopes are dashed against tariff walls. The workers in the strong, surplus-producing industries and in the occupations which from their nature do not compete with outsiders — construction and heavy industry, wholesale and retail trade, transportation, food preparation, medicine, law, education, banking, and public service — form five sixths of the whole. Those five sixths, as Mordecai Ezekiel, the Economic Adviser in the office of the Secretary of Agriculture, pointed out in *Today*, bear the burden of going without the goods which tariffs exclude. But few of these relate their difficulties to their lost freedom to buy and sell in the world's markets and few have any more definite opinion about tariffs than that they should be reduced on some ten-per-cent-a-year basis.

It is not realized as yet that the *incidence* of tariffs has been sudden. By means of foreign loans we kept up our exports artificially, despite our soaring tariff walls, and made it unnecessary for overseas purchasers to pay for what they received. But the loans and investments stopped almost overnight. The effective producers could prosper, standing on their own feet, but without the cushioning of these unwise loans they could not stand up under the exchange-preventing blows of three thousand pairs of tariff crutches which were then hurled at them. Unless they get quick, not gradual, relief by an immediate liberation of trade, the whole rotten American structure of crop prohibition and subsidized waste and idleness — the springs of what Mr. Moley calls the "established economic balance in this country" — will fall. And, when the credit of the national political entity fails, we can no longer maintain twenty-two million on relief by means of that credit.

There will then be a choice between abandoning the dole and destroying all savings deposits, endowments, insurance payments, and unemployment reserves by an uncontrollable inflation. Then no one will "invest" in relief bonds, and here, as in Japan today, men may have to earn what supply and demand make them worth in a depressed national labor market — whether or not they bargain and picket in groups. We must restore the *demand* for labor and begin by allowing the basic, exporting industries not only to resume profitable operations but to expand. We must build upon strength rather than weakness and we shall not have re-employment until we make employment profitable for our best employers.

Strange to say, we are still selling goods abroad and at home by unsound credit. Reduced as our trade is, we are, to use the words of Secretary Hull,

> confronting a crisis in our foreign trade. . . . It is clear that the recent merchandise-export surplus

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rested upon the insecure, uncertain foundation of a vast inflow of gold.

The artificial undervaluing of the dollar by the use of government credit is the cause of this useless influx of metal. Undervaluing the dollar makes American goods cheap in terms of foreign currencies. Conversely, it makes foreign goods more expensive in dollars than they were before. This policy is equivalent to a use of currency and credit not for exchange but as a new export bounty and import tariff. And it acts to deflate prices in sister nations from France to China and to make them fear our exports.

The question arises of the importance of the recent reciprocity agreements. Of what importance, for example, is the reduction of the duty on Brazilian manganese to a height of 50 per cent? We may find that tariff reductions (like that on Belgian plate glass, to a level of 44 per cent) and lowering of foreign tariffs (like the mere 15-per-cent shading of the Belgian tax on American motors) will only harm the cause of trade. They will be futile in setting free latent demand, and, since they are made in the name of reciprocity, the principle itself will be called of no avail.

If we had a realistic appreciation of what would make Americans wealthier, we should offer *real* reciprocity to each country by making our tariff against all of its products of the same rate as its highest tax on ours. Free trade would be our goal, but not the spurious freedom of trade which England had, with high tariffs against her even in her own dominions.

The industries which are adapted to America are the sturdy draft horses which could today be pulling our economic organization on the road of abundance. Can they succeed, however, if we continue to tie them to the creaking economic stagecoaches which certain businessmen have put together?

If the answer is in the negative, then it is obvious that we must set enterprise and democracy free of the bloc dictation of industrial invalidism. There is much discussion of the freedom of business. Such freedom does not mean anarchy. It does, however, involve the freedom of trade.

Can this issue be compromised? The answer is that it can be but not before it becomes an issue. There is no hope of compromising our trade legislation as long as those who represent liberal groups believe that laws against exchange are protecting our wage level, whatever that wage level may be, beneath its present artificial supports.

For example, Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor, said that foreign employers may have an "unfair advantage which tends to break down American standards," a view which is opposed to a conviction that increased trade must precede the mutual raising of national incomes.

And Raymond L. Buell, President of the Foreign Policy Association, stated that "free trade would not assume any direct responsibility for the working classes" — a remark which missed the point that every protective tariff drives labor into lower income production. By following Mr. Buell's reasoning, an engineer might tend sheep to protect himself from a shepherd's lower wage and lack of a code of fair competition. Just as plausibly is a land of poverty seized with a fear of our high-wage, low-cost productivity.

The truth about how protection affects the standards of our workers would be brought out of foggy logic into tangible reality were we to protect our satellite industries not with hidden tariffs but with open bonuses to be paid for by special taxes of flat percentage levied on the income of every citizen. Any compromise of the issue of freedom of trade should embody this principle.

The most damaging world event since the Smoot-Hawley tariff of 1930 was America's campaign of nationalism, the NRA. When the rasping commands of Mr. Roosevelt's drill sergeant ordered compliance with that "holy thing," a boycott of non-Blue Eagle goods, then Buy American became the law. Our government fostered a new factor in our history — a spiritual tariff of fear. The NRA codes have been declared unconstitutional, but the national attitude of refusal to accept foreign goods remains. Until it is reversed there is no hope for revival.

It is an interesting coincidence that our highest financial post, the governorship of the Federal Reserve Board, has been awarded to Marriner C. Eccles, a director of a beet-sugar company which has been kept alive by federal protection, and that Arthur H. Vandenburg, a sugar-tariff senator from Michigan, is being mentioned as the Republican nominee for President in 1936.

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The Republicans killed our trade, and the Democrats decorate the grave! If there ever was need for a new conservative First Party, a party of industrial independence in trade, that time is now. Walter Lippmann was right when he said in 1932:

> If the Democrats are frightened into an isolationist policy, it is plain that they must take the path of Bryanism and state capitalism. Only with cheap money can they hope, without intolerable suffering, to liquidate the capital investment which must be scrapped if the United States is to be brought down to the low level of economic self-sufficiency. . . . The only difference between a man like Senator Wheeler and a conservative like Senator Reed is that Senator Wheeler would like to alleviate some of the misery which Senator Reed's policies entail.

V

One reason for the popular endorsement of nationalistic statesmen is that recipients of tariff subsidies — and every tariff is in effect a bounty — are hiring some of the teachers in our bootstrap-pulling, self-sufficiency school of thought.

A good example is Francis P. Garvan, who identifies trade blockades with world peace. He was appointed Alien Property Custodian in War days, and it was owing to his "indefatigable industry," as we read in the *New York Times* of March 12, 1919, that four thousand seized German patents were sold by Mr. Garvan's predecessor, A. Mitchell Palmer, to the Chemical Foundation, Inc., headed by Mr. Garvan. This institution was established by President Wilson, who further assisted in the post-War "redestruction" by an embargo and license system to keep out German dyes. We should not forget that the Germans did not follow our example and seize the property, patents, and copyrights in Germany which belonged to Americans. It is interesting that Joseph H. Choate, Jr., one of the founders of the Chemical Foundation, Inc., is prominent in the present regime at Washington, having been the Federal Alcohol Control Administrator. And A. Mitchell Palmer is said to have been working on a vast subsidy program for the ships whose cargoes are taken away by tariffs.

This Chemical Foundation is one of our wealthiest educational forces. It has assisted in the publication of 19 scientific magazines. And it distributed 300,000 copies of a book and large quantities of 10 others, including *America Self-Contained*. In this book we are told by Samuel Crowther that the newborn American dye industry's hold on life is insecure but that it is developing well "under its own power." Mr. Crowther with perhaps synthetic acerbity, alleges that

> those who have in the past made money out of foreign trade did so by drawing on the capital resources of the country.

It is not likely that he would counsel a good lawyer to make lace or saw logs on a part-time basis, yet he warns the Southern States of "perils of a one-crop community" and tells them that "wood points the way to a new wealth for the South and thus for the nation"!

VI

There is of course no disputing the fact that an America self-contained would be stronger in resisting military attack than it would be if it lived in some community of interest with other lands. But, as we have seen, the closing of the open ocean is driving nations which depend upon commerce into war in an attempt at self-preservation.

Is military force the basic aim of business activity? Is it necessary to follow a policy of defense against war to such a tragic extreme that brutal conflict will be forced somewhere else on this earth? Must we continue to stop the trading of German dyes and Japanese rayons for American cotton and oil and automobiles just to produce enough gunpowder and airplane fabric for our safety? Why not decide how much munition capacity we need for self-defense — not for an attack six thousand miles away — and then if necessary pay a bounty for the maintenance of that capacity? Any domestic production beyond this would have to stand or fall on its own feet without taxing the nation to keep it "profitable."

With this policy, the sound foreign enterprises whose workers might be our customers would not be extinguished, and pressure toward war would be lifted, to the immeasurable relief of millions of men. But we are proceeding in exactly the opposite direction.

Much has recently been written about the machinations of armament manufacturers. We read of the duplicity of the international armorers, the Schneiders, De Wendels and others. But, as far as the issue of peace is concerned, all this does not touch upon the truth that nations which must fight for life will secure

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arms whether the armament makers are straightforward or not.

As for the basic war-breeding tensions, I have before me a copy of the magazine in which the sensational article, "Arms and the Men," appeared, its cover showing a silkworm eating a mulberry leaf. In it is an article, entitled "Silk," which is a subtle attack both on silk and on Japan. It is stated that

> the American rayon industry does not bear on its back the burden of millions of farmers and silk-reeling girls [who are taxed] in order to keep swelling Japan's prestige with newer and more deadly war machinery.

Nothing is said of the part which our rayon industry takes in increasing Japan's burden and in saddling higher prices and a lower standard of living upon American consumers by duties like that of 74 per cent on rayon hose and 83 per cent on figured rayon fabrics. Nippon is given no hope of fortune, yet she is freely condemned for her "rampaging military government"!

There is a great deal of very loose talk about our lost ability to "reach out to new continents." It is almost always forgotten that our greatest per-capita trade is with the old machine-equipped nations like England and that we should welcome the development of a new England, a new source of trade. Unfortunately, however, when a handwork, agrarian country like Japan begins to create modern tools and become productive and wealthy, many of us are seized by the fear expressed by Nathaniel Peffer in *Asia:*

> For the West the reckoning has begun. Never again will it have a monopoly of the instruments of wealth and power. Just now tolerance is a suicidal virtue.

We are asked in all seriousness to believe that we shall be endangered without an intolerant monopoly of production!

It is interesting to note that the Editor of *Asia* is Mr. Roosevelt's publisher. It may be that the Administration reasons that the West must struggle for opportunities for "expansion." At any rate, we are to spend nearly one thousand million dollars this year on our army and navy — more than the total cost of the federal government in 1916. This is said to be the greatest expenditure for armament in time of peace in all history. Its purpose may be guessed by our gigantic maneuvers off the Japanese coast and by the fact that we have stationed troops in China and the Philippines. Perhaps our military forces will try to block what our trade policies continue to make the only hope of salvation for Nippon. But, since American trade with Japan is greater than that with China and the Philippines to boot, it is hard to see anything but loss should Nippon be attacked.

VII

THE WORLD'S FEVER is chronic because we are still controlled by its vicious spiritual germs of dependence, protection, and defense. America remains frozen with fear in the shadow of her agricultural and industrial pre-eminence. Savings and their complements, investment and construction, are idle because we have no profitable direction in which to move. We dislike to enlarge sweatshops in which to whittle toy engines, yet we have made it unprofitable for ourselves to construct real locomotives. We excoriate our defeated foes and we spurn a youngster in the family of industrial nations who wants to raise his standards in the American way. So youths are being conscripted and forced to barracks, and soon exhausted doctors will be sewing together the pieces of what today are the able bodies of useful men. Who are we to make peace and democracy unworkable?

The heart of the dilemma was well put by Sir Arthur Salter in *Foreign Affairs* when he wrote:

> After many years of international negotiations on commercial policies I came to the deliberate conclusion that the greatest and most fundamental difficulty was not an international one at all; it was the impotence of the national governments [whose attitude was] not a conception of national policy but a calculation of political pressures.

If that is all, then what cause for jubilation! Our enemies are none other than our own apathy and our careless default to blind minorities.

The world is a quaking swamp of timorous nationalism. But even in 1922 we were the nation which had the highest tariffs, excepting only Russia and Spain. We led civilization to its present impasse. Let us grasp that fact, and we shall be like a child who first finds the right end of a telescope. We shall see that America, the most influential of all nations, has proven that she can lead. And, if those who see it say it, giant America will dare to throw away her crutches and come into the world!

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Emotions and Your Teeth

by **HAROLD PALMER DUEY**

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THE PROFESSIONAL mind in both medicine and dentistry is giving much thought to the influence of the mental over the physical factors in the preventive field as well as in the corrective. Elementary though the premise may sound, the human mind is a powerful dynamo governing cause and effect.

What is it that takes place in the body with every manifestation of emotion, released or suppressed? What happens with outbreaks of hatred, grief, fear, anxiety, worry, and responsibility? What is the result of these outbursts, when the brain, which should act as the push button to the glandular and nervous sympathetic systems, receives these impulses? Just what kind of nervous reactions do we obtain, and what are the effects upon the body?

Scientists experimenting at Cornell University some time ago proved that there is a deadly poison created in the emotional stress of extreme anger. The poison was actually materialized on gauze placed at the mouth. What becomes of this poison when swallowed or even freed in the saliva, and what effects does it have on the individual?

I do not go so far as to say that we will discover the primary cause of certain dental disorders to be in every instance the emotions, but certainly they may frequently be a large contributing factor.

The body is the greatest chemical factory known. Every cell component necessary to maintain life in the healthy body is adequately and sufficiently present and automatically accommodates itself to the needs of individual functioning. That every emotional reaction causes changes in the body tissues, by changing the body chemistry, cannot be denied. It is equally true that the body must adjust itself to all physical conditions pathologically imposed, in order to survive. Think of the human stomach as a chemical factory. It is one which none of our modern chemists can imitate by merely chemical means. Yet foodstuffs taken into it are transformed into blood and flesh.

Emotions are as insidious as germs. The ductless glands, which are more or less interlaced with each other through the hormone secretions, are disturbed in their normal functioning by shock or fatigue. Illustrating the biological aspect of emotional disturbance, here is a simple case in point:

Excitement has been commonly known to cause loss of appetite. In such an instance it has been observed that the functioning of the digestive tract became temporarily impaired and assimilation as well as metabolism upset. The first gland thereby affected usually is the thyroid, which disturbs not only the pituitary but the heart action. Thus the superenals and kidney function are placed out of line, and, in turn, the all important mineral balance is upset.

There is more to the old saying, "We are what we eat, drink, and breathe," than one might think. If we fail to assimilate mineral salts, reproduction of new cells is carried on with this deficiency, and instead of producing healthy, normal cells we produce cells impaired by the lack of proper substances.

The stimulating and depressing effects of mental states upon the pituitary very frequently disturb the normal function of the gonads and the parathyroids, thereby affecting the metabolism of phosphorus and calcium, which is a serious handicap to the maintenance of tooth construction.

Bounteous and discreet as nature is in augmenting the body content, the individual cannot, so to speak, neglect his own part. He must intelligently supply rest, exercise, and food containing the proper elements and vitamins. Still, these things are not all. Assimilation and fixation are vital. Quantities of milk may be given to supply sufficient calcium, but, unless there is fixation, the excess calcium may be

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thrown out with the phosphorus and no good whatsoever come of it.

The Mental Factor

Now, what part can the mind play in this complicated arrangement? The answer may be the regulation of the rhythm of the body functions controlling the nervous and glandular systems. This would, in turn, control the chemistry of the body.

A balancing of the intellect and the emotions may contribute toward a stabilization of this rhythm. With harmony fully established, the chemistry of the body becomes normal, thus permitting adequate assimilation and better co-ordination of the nervous and glandular systems.

Unfortunately, investigation of bodily changes in emotional excitement has been left by the physiologists to the philosophers, psychologists, and students of natural history. Therefore, any considerable basic knowledge from the medical standpoint is lacking. Yet the more alert dental practitioner cannot fail to recognize certain conditions among his patients too significant to be attributed to mere coincidence — conditions which are not covered by known facts and accepted theories.

For instance, an x-ray examination revealed a dead nerve in the front tooth of a young lady. Her teeth were otherwise perfect. There seemed to be no reason, on ordinary grounds, for trouble with that nerve, although the sudden death of her fiancé and her consequent emotional reaction may have had something to do with it.

A family of five was to be treated for Vincent's infection (trench mouth). Smears were taken for microscopic examination, to verify the condition. The father, very reluctant to have his smear taken, said it was absolutely impossible for him to have any such disease, since he had made up his mind years before that he could never have an infection. Now, common sense tells us that it takes more than the determination to be immune to ward off an infection. And the father's teeth were the worst in the family. He should certainly have contracted Vincent's infection through physical contact, according to all knowledge we have of it. But he did not.

It is very common to note a great number of cavities in the mouths of college students and teachers near the end of the year, following examinations, an abnormal condition when considered in relation to the state of the same teeth nine months earlier. There surely is not a practicing dentist who has not noted this phenomenon.

To what may be attributed the old saying, "A tooth a child," referring to expectant mothers? The same principle applies to a dramatist I know: "A tooth a play." Similarly, why the great amount of decay in children of divorced parents? May not a feeling of insecurity be a contributing cause in these cases?

In general, worry seems to slow the healing processes of the body. And certainly the tissue tone, which is very necessary in the wearing of a full denture (false teeth), seems to change under emotional stress.

How do we account for perfect teeth in unclean mouths and poorly nourished individuals? In some instances of this nature it is interesting to note the breaking down of other organs of the body, such as the kidneys or the heart. Who has not heard of a suppressed ambition or an inferiority complex being as deadly as a septic appendix?

Being "scared to death" is not a joke. An individual may become so frightened, so full of fear, that he simply ceases to function. Instances of hair standing straight up, extended blood vessels, breaking out in perspiration, and so forth are common.

There is certainly no mistaking the fear which usually accompanies the patient to the dentist. I have seen many patients turn white, others tremble and shake and even reach the point of hysteria. On the other hand, patients have been known to lose all sense of pain while waiting to be treated. What are the physical effects of such emotional impacts?

It must be understood that the cycle of symptoms resulting from a combination of the mental and physical is extremely difficult to break through. It is no less dangerous to say that a toothache results from a temporary confusion of the mind than to say that every pain in the abdominal cavity is a spastic condition, because sometimes it might be cancer. But the time has come to enlarge our present knowledge of the part which the emotions play. It will be wise for dental practitioners to give serious consideration to psychic reactions.

Are your emotions affecting your teeth? I think they are — but how and when and why?

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Unhappy Marriages in the Clergy

by **EVELYN A. CUMMINS**

I AM A MINISTER'S wife and I happen to like life in the ministry. But, of the clerical wives I know, I am among the few who are happy. We all read out of the same book. Clerical wives must be on constant exhibition. They are always under the watchful and critical eyes of the public. They must say and do nothing, no matter how they feel or what they think, that will offend any one of the dozens or hundreds of men and women who compose their congregations and upon whose fancies and decrees depend peace and purse. No word or act of a parochial clergyman or member of his family should ever be spontaneous. They must first decide whether they will give offense and, if so, whether they care.

"My mind and spirit are becoming crippled after four years of this life," said a young minister's wife to me the other day.

"Life for the average parson's wife is progressive crucifixion," remarked a married Episcopalian minister to me only last week.

Life on the inside of the ministry is very different from what it may seem to be in theory. So, when I read in THE FORUM for May an article by Mary O'Neill called "Should Catholic Priests Marry?" advocating marriage as a cure-all for sex neuroses of Catholic priests, it made me want to laugh spontaneously, and when I gave it thought — like a well-disciplined parson's wife — the more I thought about it, the more, the harder, and the more ironically I wanted to laugh.

Some doctor has said, "Marriage is the greatest neurosis of them all." Tie up marriage and the ministry, and there is the basis for a neurosis that, like the circus, is bigger and better than ever.

I, too, like the writer of that article, have been associated with Catholics, not only with "those who have given their lives to the Church" but also with those who have not. I have likewise been closely associated for many years with Protestants who have given their lives to the churches — the clergy and their wives as well, for in many places a clergyman is called to a parish not alone because of his own qualifications but because its members have an idea his wife may be useful. They don't pay her. But she is nevertheless expected to be a living example of the precept, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Or perhaps, to paraphrase again, the congregation expects her and her husband to be divinely happy in the thought: "Freely ye have not received, freely give."

I agree with the writer of the article mentioned that it must be a hardship for virile priests to lead a celibate life, but there are other frustrations which they would have to contend with if they were married and which would be just as difficult as their sex problem — probably more so.

FEET OF CLAY

TO THE CATHOLIC, the priest is a sacred personage. He is one set apart from the laity. He is not an ordinary man: he is holy. Therefore, when the priest speaks, the laity listens. The men, women, and children of the parish obey him.

The priest, being set aside in Holy Orders, offers up the sacrifice of the Mass daily. He brings Christ to the altar for the people. Therefore, Catholics must and do go to Mass; they make their confessions to the priest; they support their churches.

Holy Orders is one of the seven sacraments of the Catholic Church. So is Marriage. But it will take more than the lifetime mentioned by the author of the article to make the two anything like synonymous in the minds and hearts of Catholics — either priests or laity.

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How long is it to be imagined that a Catholic priest would be considered so extraordinary a being, if he had a wife and children? He would become as human and as commonplace as his parishioners. His wife would be the subject of unending gossip and criticism, and so would he. A celibate priest suffers very little from gossip. But his children's ailments and mischief would soon make the married priest and his family intimate and familiar personalities in the neighborhood and throughout his parish. His wife's peculiarities, housekeeping, care of him, social life, and conversation would give him everlasting worry and trouble.

"Will you tell me, Mrs. Murphy, what is it takes Father Kelly to Europe?" "Sure, don't you know, Mrs. Delaney? 'Tis your ten cents and my ten cents that take Father Kelly to Europe!"

Compared to the Protestant churches, the Catholic Church has an easy time as far as collection of money is concerned, even in these days. How long would average Catholics contribute so willingly, as a holy obligation, to the Church and the priest, if the bars were let down to what they believe to be a holy estate for their clergy? How long would they go so regularly to Mass or to confession?

Celibacy is discipline, but psychology is an all-important matter in Church administration and government. Catholicism breeds mysticism. Catholic faith engenders obedience. The ordinary Catholic cares little that celibacy is discipline and not doctrine. But he would be completely scandalized and demoralized if his Church were to sanction a married priesthood.

After all, celibacy for priests cannot be so great a hardship as some people think. If only sex life in the ministry is to be considered, it does not appear to be of much importance. Catholic priests are just as vigorous and healthy-looking as Protestant ministers, frequently more so. They seem as happy and, when mixing with others, enjoy themselves as thoroughly as Protestant ministers. Almost they appear to possess greater capacity for enjoyment than the Protestants.

If, as is maintained, it is a sin against nature for the most splendid specimens of Catholic youth not to propagate their kind, it is strange that, after all these centuries of celibacy among priests and nuns, there should still be left very many of these outstanding young men and women. But actually there are more eligible candidates for orders, secular and religious, than there are vacancies for them in the ranks or places for them in the seminaries and convents.

The Seamy Side

So far as the Church is concerned, at the present time, children of clergymen seldom follow in the steps of their fathers. There are too many disillusioning factors in ministerial life, and they become too familiar with ecclesiastical affairs and politics to hold the Church in the same respect they might if brought up otherwise. Nor do their parents usually want them to enter the service of the Church.

"The nearer the Church, the further from God," is an old saying, under the irony of which lies a good deal of wisdom.

"I don't want my boy to enter the ministry or my daughter to go to a Church school. I want them to get away from it all," steadily maintains one clerical friend of mine, and he is among many who feel the same way.

Many famous men and women have come from ministerial families in America in the past. But conditions are different now in various ways. What of the present generation?

Would the Catholic priesthood have much to gain from marriage? What of the Protestant ministry? Would it not now be a better idea for Protestant ministers to follow the Catholic example and remain celibate?

In the large cities, many wives and families of the clergy have a fairly easy time. Their congregations do not care much what they do, so long as they are willing to appear in public occasionally, go out to dinner when expediency demands it, and appear socially presentable. They do not always have to attend church, as does the small-town parson's family. Why, I remember a very popular clerical wife in New York, with plenty of money, prestige, and independence, who used to disappear up the aisle every Sunday, just before her husband mounted the pulpit. And the congregation enjoyed it!

But the average parish minister's wife in the small town is the constant subject of curiosity and scrutiny. If she "goes with" a certain group in the church, the other groups are jealous. If she joins one committee and not another, her parishioners cannot understand it.

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If she makes one call, she must visit everyone in the church, or there is suspicion and bad feeling. If she takes an important part in church work, she is criticized as much as she is praised. If she is entertained one place, she must go everywhere she is asked. If she has new clothes, the congregation wonders where and when she got them and how much she paid for them. If she wears old clothes, she is criticized for that. If she asks one of the congregation to her house, she must invite all.

I know many ministers' wives who must do all the cleaning, washing, and cooking; look after their husbands and children and sometimes the old people, their parents, who often seem to be an indispensable part of a rectory or parsonage equipment; do all sorts of church work; and appear socially, looking calm and untired, uttering every word carefully, making every move cautiously and thoughtfully, expecting to be queried about their private affairs and church business in ways which no other women would stand. Yet they never get a word of appreciation or gratitude from their parishioners. It is expected of them as a matter of course.

Is it any wonder that many ministers' wives have one long, tremendous struggle to adjust themselves competently and adequately to their environment and other people's whims? Is it any wonder that many of them cringe under it?

A Few Are Lucky

Episcopalian wives, for some reason, are more fortunate than those of other denominations. Possibly their congregations are more cosmopolitan and socially sophisticated. At any rate, they do not interfere to the usual extent. Within the last three months, I, as an Episcopal rector's wife, without any questioning on my part, have been asked by six ministers' wives how I manage and how I "do it."

I do not know many ministers, married men, who are truly contented and happy. If they are satisfied, their wives and families are not, helping to make them discontented. If their families are satisfied, they are not. And so on, ad infinitum.

I was told on first-hand authority a short time ago that, whenever there is the rumor of a vacancy in a certain charming Southern diocese under British administration, the diocesan authorities are flooded with applications from ministers all over the United States, with the most heartrending and tragic stories of their present positions and the lives they are being forced to live.

And I asked the bishop of an Eastern diocese who visited us not long ago how many of his clergy he believed to be contented. He thought a few moments; then he said: "Perhaps half a dozen. I do not know one of the rest who would not leave his job at the drop of a hat, if he were offered a change."

What has "worked" in my own case is impossible for most others. I am independent and have no children. I happen to have married an unusual man. He, too, is independent and is exceptional in having no ambitions. Therefore he has not the fear complex which dogs most clergymen. He has outside interests and friends and is willing that I have mine. Our friends are in all denominations and outside them. He does not pry into my affairs, or I into his. I am free to do as I please. I try to dress well. I can go to the theater or to any entertainment I wish. If I care to, I can dance or play cards, take a smoke or a drink, associate with any men or women friends I wish to, anywhere. Since I use common sense and tact, no more restrictions are placed on me than on any other wives I know, and usually less. As a decent-minded wife of a clear-thinking and intelligent man, I am expected to know what is correct to do and when to do it.

So far as I know, our congregation does not criticize me, and certainly no one has ever suggested to me that I, because I am the wife of a minister, should do thus or so. If my husband's parishioners don't like what I do, they keep quiet about it. We have never had a row in our parish, nor is it composed of different factions.

I like being a minister's wife. It "works" all right for me, but I know I'm an exception. I still think it funny that anybody could recommend marriage as the solution of a priest's difficulties. I can simply thank God I'm lucky.

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The Democratic Way to Prosperity

by **BERTRAM B. FOWLER**

HUEY LONG HAS a plan to share the wealth. Father Coughlin has a plan for social justice. A fellow named Townsend had a plan for old-age pensions before it blew up in his hands. John Mikalaa has a plan. The difference between John Mikalaa's plan and the rest is that John is watching his work in his own community and leaves the soapbox oratory to the theorists.

Certain terse facts cover the case of John Mikalaa. He lives in Maynard, Massachusetts, a typical one-factory town. In the average year John brings home about $750 in wages. This year it will be less than that. Yet John has never been heard arguing to uphold Father Coughlin's plan for social justice. John has an idea that justice, social or any other kind, calls for a certain show of intelligence and co-operation from those who demand justice. John never tunes in on the radio to listen to Huey Long. If you asked him, he would tell you that the only way to share the wealth is to start working for a gradual and constructive balancing of the economic order, to bring about equality, justice, and democracy.

If you questioned him further, he would state positively that only by co-operative action can anything be gained. He would go further and say that consumers' co-operation is the way out. But he would not confine his remarks to vague generalities. There is a cardboard box on the shelf in the kitchen that backs John's arguments. The box holds his purchase slips from his own co-operative society. They are more convincing than all the oratory that has ever poured out of radio loud-speakers.

John Mikalaa joined the United Co-operative Society of Maynard when he set up housekeeping in 1921. His father helped found it in 1907. John's father had brought the idea over from Finland with him. Democracy to Mikalaa, Sr., and all the Finns who came to America with him meant consumers' co-operation. The two were inseparable. John has known for a long time what is just now beginning to permeate American thought, namely, that, unless you have economic democracy, all your social and political theories of democracy are not worth a continental.

II

THE MAYNARD Co-operative Society begins to function in John's day with the rattle of milk bottles. The milk is delivered by the Society's truck direct from its own dairy plant. His breakfast food comes from the co-operative store. The bread was baked in the Society's bakery. The flivver in which he rides to work is filled with gas and oil at the co-operative filling station.

John has a garden out back and a flock of hens. He buys fertilizer and feed from the co-operative warehouse. He has a radio that he bought at the co-operative store. His shoes and clothes are not co-operative. John wishes they were. He knows they will be someday. One evening there will be a meeting, which John will attend, to vote on the matter. After that there will be a co-operative clothing store. John's goal is a society through which he can spend the total of his $750 income.

The slips in the box on the kitchen shelf explain why. At the end of the year John gets a 3½-per-cent dividend on the money he spent. Not the money he saved and invested in capital shares in the Society but the money he *spent*.

To begin with, any business must be capitalized. John owns 4 shares of stock with a par value of $5 a share. If you suggest that these shares, representing capital invested, should receive a part of the profits, John will im-

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mediately launch into an explanation as to why this system has brought about the downfall of American business.

John's shares have a fixed value, a fixed rate of interest. This, he will tell you, is as it should be. Ask him why and he will tell you that capital is but the servant of business. And, like any other servant, should work for a wage, a stated and definite wage. If it begins to share the profits, it begins to dig itself a hole.

John has it all figured out. Those shares represent his savings. They draw 5-per-cent interest. The capital of the Maynard Society is therefore stable. The profits go where John thinks they should go, to the people who make them possible, the people who paid their money across the counter. The consumer, in John's scheme of things is all-powerful. He is the boss. Business is run for him.

John is just a factory hand. But he has a real grasp of economics. The Maynard Society belongs to him and a few hundred of his fellows. Their votes elect directors and officers, who run the business efficiently, economically, that there may be dividends for the real owners, the consumers.

John can put his finger unerringly on the weak spot in the profit system. There is speculation in stocks, because they and not the consumers reap the profits. He can trace the story in the history of almost any stock you wish to name. He can show you the good years when there were big profits. Because the profits were large, the stocks soared on the exchange, soared out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth. To expand and get still more profits, the plant was extended by floating bond issues, by adding to indebtedness. When profits dried up, the stocks tumbled. Stockholders lost their paper profits. The millstone of indebtedness pulled the business down in the morass.

John has a theory that would shock the capitalists. He believes that all capital stock should have a stated value and receive fixed interest, capital's wage. The profits should be divided, part going back into the business to allow for expansion, for better service, the rest returning to those who made the profits possible — the consumers.

III

John isn't theorizing when he outlines this plan. He has a concrete example behind him in his society. It was started in 1907, with a capital of $1,600. For many years it was a purely Finnish-language group. Then the English-speaking members of the community began to understand what it meant and started patronizing the co-operative store. They joined, found out what it was all about, and began to attend the meetings, to take part in governing their society.

So the Society grew. Today it owns the brick building that houses the store, bakery, and dairy plant. It owns its new, modern gas station, owns its bulk gas and oil plant, its warehouse. Bakery, dairy plant, and store are equipped with the latest in machinery and fixtures. An ultraconservative estimate values the plant and equipment at $85,000.

The books of the company show that there is capital stock outstanding to the value of only $22,000. There is no bonded indebtedness. There are no mortgages on buildings or machinery. The whole plant represents exactly what it is, the concrete result of co-operation by consumers to control distribution. Because they built democratically as well as economically, they have a business that laughs at depressions. The profits have gone where they should go, back into the sound base of the business and into the pockets of its customers.

Here is real social justice. Here is a new deal that really is a new deal. Yet it is no new deal to John Mikalaa. It is nearly a century old in England. It is old in Finland, in Sweden and Denmark, where it has quietly been making over the economic life of those countries. It is new in Maynard, where it has built up a pattern for American consumers to follow.

Talk of the much-publicized chain-store efficiency to John Mikalaa, and he will give you startling figures. The Maynard Society, because of its sane and economic capitalization, operates more efficiently than a chain store. The Maynard Society operated last year on a margin of 13½-per-cent gross profits. Chain stores operate on a margin of 17 per cent. The answer, according to John Mikalaa is indebtedness, capitalization, the handicap of profit-making business.

John Mikalaa will talk of profits, too. The slips in the kitchen tell that story. Three and one half per cent on money spent. John spends all of his modest $750 a year. Just ahead lies the goal, 100-per-cent co-operative purchasing.

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When that is realized, even though his wages do not rise, John will have an extra $26 to spend at the end of the year.

John Mikalaa is proud of his store for other reasons. To begin with, he knows that he is getting quality for his money. The bakery, the dairy, the store, all are run for him. His needs are considered. He gets what he pays for. There is no ballyhoo over nonexistent quality. There is no talk of price cutting and cost shaving.

If you imagine for a moment, however, that John Mikalaa sees no further than his co-operative society in Maynard, you are making a grave error. He knows that he is on the threshold of a new era in business, an era in which service and use will replace the profit motive.

John knows that the consumers'-co-operative stage is but laying the groundwork of co-operative distribution for the building of a system based on the rights and needs of consumers. As the movement grows it will, as it has already done in England and the Scandinavian countries, move toward control of production. It is simple, evolutionary, and inevitable. When there are enough retail societies, there will be co-operative wholesale establishments, turning their profits back to their member retailers to be relayed to the ultimate consumer. Enough wholesale co-operatives mean co-operative production, consumers' control of factories and mills producing consumer goods.

Fantastic? Not at all. These things are happening already. But there is so much smoke of ballyhoo and propaganda on the political horizon that these moves have passed comparatively unnoticed. The Eastern States Farmers' Exchange in Springfield, Massachusetts, for instance, not long ago bought its own feed mill in Buffalo. Acting co-operatively, the farmers had reached the point where they bought the output of the mill; then they bought the mill, to insure a product milled according to their standards of quality. The Exchange paid $300,000 for the mill and paid it in cash, not on mortgage and bonds.

IV

WHICH BRINGS us face to face with one of the most startling developments in the United States today. The Eastern States Farmers' Exchange was started on a loan of $30,000. That loan was paid back out of profits as the co-operative got going. Not a cent of capital stock has ever been issued. Today the Farmers' Exchange has assets worth over $1,000,000. And no one holds a single scrap of paper to show a share in its ownership. The whole thing belongs to the consumers. There are no mortgages, no bonds or stocks. The profits go where they should go, a share plowed back into the business to allow for growth and expansion, the rest to the men who made those profits possible, the consumers. What can a depression do to such a business? How can profit-making, privately owned concerns hope to compete with this?

Through the West the movement is growing. There is no demagogic blare of brass bands, no raving and ranting of social justice. The signs are more moving and meaningful than that. The Central Co-operative Wholesale has just dedicated a new $100,000 headquarters. Back of the Central Wholesale lies a business of $1,780,000 last year, an increase of 31.36 per cent over the previous year. And it is significant to note that the opening of the headquarters was scheduled for the birthday of Thomas Jefferson. Here is a gesture toward real political democracy through constructive understanding of economic democracy.

There is another point that John Mikalaa makes, and a mighty cogent one in this period of industrial unrest and labor wars. One would naturally suppose that, since the Maynard Society has accepted a challenge of efficiency and economy as laid down by the chain stores, it would also take advantage of the wage scales set by those groups.

Chain-store wage scales are too well known to require comment. The scale of the Maynard Society provokes comment. The Society employs 35 people — store clerks, bakers, truck drivers. Only 4 people out of the 35 get wages lower than $20 per week.

John Mikalaa has long since assimilated that fact. He knows again that, when capital takes the profits, labor, capital's partner, gets what is left. But, when capital and labor both work for wages and the consumer gets the profits, there is an opportunity for a balance. For capital and labor are both consumers. John Mikalaa holds stoutly to the statement that the only way to bring about industrial peace is to stop the battling of labor and capital

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and have them both work for the consumer.

Of course all this is to the advantage of labor. It is numerically superior. In a consumers' democracy, labor would get fairer treatment. The whole history of consumers' co-operation bears this out. When striking milk drivers in Superior, Wisconsin, failed to get a satisfactory settlement with their employers, the consumers of milk organized, took over the truck drivers, met their just demands, and set up a successful co-operative, with a decent wage scale and fair treatment of employees.

American business today is in the ditch. It struggles to arise, but there is a millstone of indebtedness about its neck that defies its frantic struggles. Huey Long and Father Coughlin would take off the load by cutting off the head. They point out quite logically that, once the head is struck off, the millstone can be removed. But could the headless body then get up? Or, if it could, who would want it to arise in such a state?

Various other gentlemen, their eyes inflamed with ardor, hands trembling with eagerness, would knock off the millstone with the hammer blows of revolutionary force. The result would be the same, a very dead body indeed, by the time the hammering was over. Consumers' co-operation, the plan that John Mikalaa has embraced, offers another way. The stone isn't so hard. It can be taken off by the intelligent and careful handling of real democratic practice. When it is taken off this way, American business will be on its feet, filled with a sounder vigor and strength than it has ever known before. You don't have to take John Mikalaa's word for it. You have an open invitation to look at his society.

John Mikalaa gets only $750 a year. It is not enough. He knows it isn't enough. But he also knows that, unless he builds toward an economic democracy that will really level the present inequalities and bring with it social justice, that wage may be less, rather than more. Because of this knowledge, John Mikalaa is one of the most important men in the United States today. He stands for a growing movement, a dynamic movement, a movement that is going to shake American business to its foundation with a healthy, wakening tremor.

Youth Looks Ahead

by **WILLIAM KENWORTHY**

EDITOR'S NOTE: — American youth — discouraged, bewildered, and slightly querulous — has frequently expressed its views in the pages of THE FORUM. The Editor takes pleasure in presenting the following article by a young Englishman who, faced with the same problems that confront our own young people in a workless and chaotic world, calmly and without bitterness sees both cause and cure.

I DO NOT CLAIM any special qualifications for what I am about to write. I cannot even say that I represent any class of people. I like to think that I do; I like to think that there are countless persons who will feel, when I have finished, that what I have said they would say too. To some extent this will, I think, be so — I hope to a greater extent than I dream of.

I am of the working class, when I am working. At present I am unemployed. My generation has passed the childish and adolescent stage, and, where it is capable, is beginning to

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think clearly and calmly; but unfortunately there are many, especially of my class, who will never think. We are still young enough to fight but not old enough to take responsibility; soon, however, we shall be moving up the line.

Education and Background

I started my education at an elementary school in Manchester in the first year of the War. From 1915 to 1919 I went to school five half days a week only, because a neighboring elementary school was being used as a war hospital and one school had to suffice for the children from two. In 1922 I finished my education at an elementary school in the Midlands, where my parents had moved. I went to work then in a factory and have had several jobs since, in offices and factories, until July of last year, when I lost my work and went on the dole.

Many of you would not like to go on the dole: neither did I; neither did a million or two others. There was no alternative for me: all I had in the world was a few pounds; my parents could not keep me entirely. And my world slipped a little when I lost my job. I thought it would soon right itself, but it has not, yet; instead it seems to be settling out of position.

My education, such as it is, is of a rough-and-ready variety and owes more to what I have read since leaving school than what I learned at school; it takes second place to the more deeply inculcated experiences of life itself. Perhaps that is why I prefer material things to imagery. I prefer the cinema, for instance, to the theater, because its scope is more liberal and its presentations more real. I like reading good books but would as soon read a Western thriller as *The Wealth of Nations*. Some poetry I enjoy, but little that was written by classical or the modern neurotic poets — that I do not understand, nor do I understand the significance of art or know anything about it; it has no place in my scheme of things. I would rather listen to the latest jazz tune than a symphony orchestra.

My opinions of literature and art, therefore, would not agree with those of a university professor, but I make no excuse for them. Instead of reading poetry and studying art, my time has been spent in doing things more likely to bring me a living, yet, in spite of this, here I am, on the dole. Whether literature or art would have served me better now I do not know; it is no use thinking about it. The fact remains, I am on the dole.

Living for a System

That is my background, my connection with life. I try not to grumble but to think I am just unfortunate. Yet I cannot but feel there is more to be said than this; that it should not be so; that it would not be so if we were living *by* a system instead of *for* a system. The more I think, the more I feel and see the ignorance and the misery that is suffered to exist around us, not because we are blind to it but because we blind ourselves to the cause of it.

I do not say that I personally have had a particularly hard or rough life, but anything I have, which is little, or anything I have had has been worked for. I know that life for such as me has nothing to give away. My circle of life is small, and my acquaintances for the most part are people who live and work near me — at the most in the same town; all of them are of my class, some in better, a few in worse circumstances than I am. They are honest, decent people whose chief desire is for a safe, permanent job. They are the puppets of an industrial system that picks their brains and takes their toil, when it wants it, and discards them without sentiment when it does not. They are makeshifts and they know it, but they can do nothing about it.

I have seen a great deal of the ugliness of life, of illness with poverty, of pain and suffering without hope of relief, of overcrowding and misery in the dingy back streets, of unemployment that has lasted for years. I know men of twenty-three and twenty-four who have never worked in their lives. I go to the labor exchange twice a week and meet there all sorts of types, rough fellows mostly but good-tempered enough to speak to. When I first went to the labor exchange, I slunk in shamefacedly, wishing I were invisible, avoiding everybody's glance. Now, I go in openly and unashamed, for it is not my fault I go there; I would work if I could. It is not my shame, it is the shame of the state and its system of civilization that allows so much material, so much manhood, healthy vigorous manhood, as fills the labor exchanges up and down the country, to grow up and grow old in idleness, losing its self-respect, eating its heart away and gnawing at the heart of the nation.

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The Specter of Tomorrow

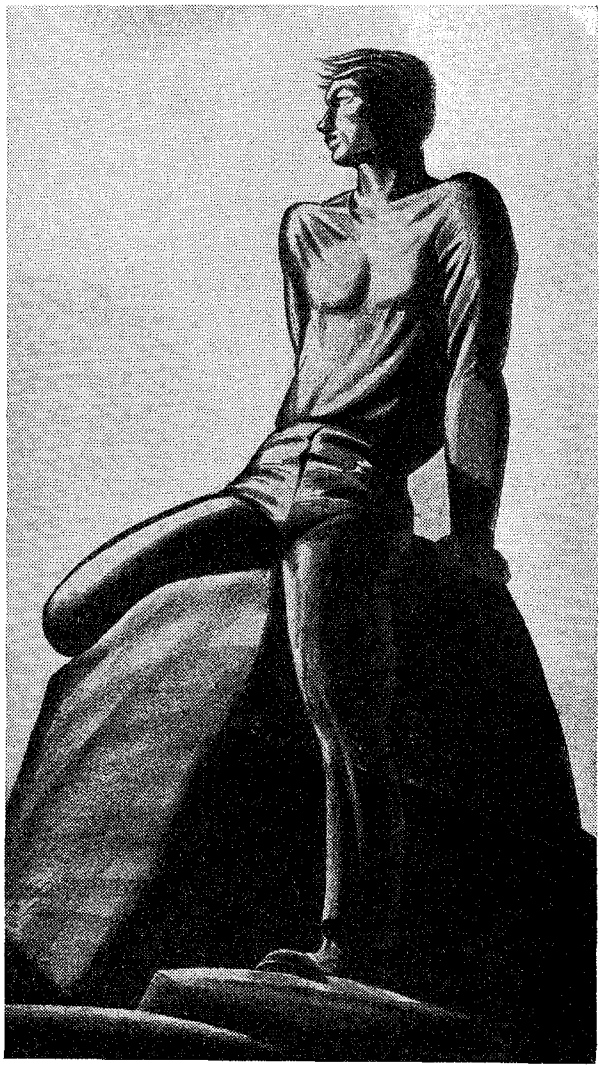
I wonder if you who have always had a job have ever wondered or thought what it is, what it feels like, to be unemployed. I know a great many of you think that the unemployed can be divided into two main classes: those who are unable to work and those who do not want work. Believe me, you are wrong. There are, of course, a few of both these types, but the main class consists of those who want work, badly, and cannot get it.

I have been unemployed now for six months; when I first left my job I would have staked my life on getting work inside a month; I have heard others who have been out of work for two and three years say the same. I tried to get work, of course, and still do, but what a tragic, heartbreaking task it is. Rebuffs at factories; long waits with hundreds of others outside places where one or two jobs are available; no replies to letters; discourtesy and sneers wherever I go; everlasting walking, waiting, writing; everlasting failure. It saps the spirit; it breaks the self-respect of the stoutest; it turns men gloomy, morose, bitter.

Then there is the idleness, the long hours of not knowing what to do with yourself or where to go, the monotony, the dullness. You are in the way at home; you get tired of reading, tired of sitting in the public library, tired of walking, tired of everything. You cannot smoke much or go to the cinema because you have no money. You begin to drop away from your friends because they start leaving you out of their evening or week-end arrangements, knowing you do not like accepting eternal charity. You become miserable, lonely, despondent; you become a sloucher through the streets in daytime and at night.

I tell myself there are others much worse off than I. There are. I am single. I try to imagine what a married man feels, with a wife and family living on a few shillings a week. He sees the world going luxury-mad, with its motor cars, airplanes, radios, fur coats, and extravagant pageantry, while his children go to school ill-clad and ill-nourished. And he can see no relief.

Is it to be wondered that I doubt the sanity and common justice of mankind when I read of goods and foodstuffs rotting in barns and warehouses and even being destroyed? When I see that our five big joint-stock banks made a total



profit last year of nearly nine million pounds and another large concern five million, fourteen million altogether, enough to feed and keep a hundred thousand families for a year?*

In every phase of life I see the same absurdities, cruelties, and contradictions; a mad scramble after the false gods of money and power; a blind belief in the shattered principles of a bygone age, principles that cannot include, much less control, the vital, powerful, and deadly forces of this new world.

A Birthright of Discord

From this gloom, this craziness, this topsy-turvydom, I search for some ray of light, some hope for the future. I look to the institutions of our fathers and what do I find?

I find a Church reft with animosities, sickly with moth-eaten pageantry and pedantry, and utterly divorced in practice from the principles

* Editor's Note:—*In dollars, these figures amount to approximately $43,650,000, $24,250,000, and $67,900,000, respectively.*

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it professes. I look to the policy of our government and find it can do nothing better than think of tariffs and make laws to prohibit betting among a working class that can hardly afford a glass of beer. I listen to finance and big business for their views of the future and hear that things are improving, dividends are increasing, but still there must be economy, rationalization, reorganization. Dividends! Economy! Good God! Must human life and flesh and blood be forever subservient to dividends, economy, reorganization? Must things pick up only when human life is crushed down and industry prosper amidst the poverty and distress of the people? Is rationalization our ultimate aim, our land of promise, the Utopia of our forefathers? Cannot two thousand years of civilization produce anything better than this?

Must we of my generation take over these conditions as an inherited birthright and carry them on in the same old way as best we can, with their unemployment, fear, discord, science gone mad; with the people distressed and dazed but mainly not comprehending? Must we follow blindly the principles of past decades — to God knows where? Will it lead me to a job? Will it lead the other millions to jobs? I think not.

I do not care a scrap for organized religion, for heaven and hell and the symbolic soul, but I find a wonderful basis for a social system in the word of Jesus, who was a man. I searched about for a creed into which these precepts were or could be easily incorporated and I found one in socialism — not altogether in the socialism of the street corners, though that has the right foundation, but the socialism of true Christianity. A socialism based as much on Jesus as on Karl Marx, on equality, selflessness, and peace. It is a socialism that will give every man life and happiness, a socialism that will recognize no class but humanity, where bankers and financiers will no longer be powers for good or evil, where currency troubles will disappear when industry produces what the people need, where science will be harnessed not for the destruction but for the benefit of man, where faith and courage and friendliness dictate the policies of races.

Our Only Salvation

We live and have lived for so long in a world of greed, of self-seeking and cruelty, surely it is time now that we realized there is a greater goal, a haven of peace and happiness for every person born on the earth. I have no desire to harm a living soul but surely I am not unjust when I say a man has no right to receive a hundred pounds or more a week while there are people starving. It is not only justice, it is common decency. I know that, before such a state as I envisage comes to pass, it will mean the turning over of many leaves, the scrapping of many principles; but I do believe the time is coming when this change will be not only possible but inevitable. It will be a change that must start and grow in the hearts of men themselves and in their actions, before ever it will affect the system under which they live.

It is easy for comfortable middle-class people, sitting in their armchairs at home, to feel satisfied and happy under present conditions; they it is who must be brought to realize the terrible wrong that is being done to millions of their fellow men, to see the cruelty and unfairness that puts profits before human happiness, that overestimates all values except human values. Those helpless masses are of the common stock of humanity; they are entitled, surely, to their share of the heritage of men, the comforts of this man-made civilization; they have worked for it, they and their fathers, yet still they exist in poverty, misery, hopelessness. Surely that is not the meaning of twentieth-century civilization? Surely we should by now have recognized the right of every man to something better than the starvation and ugliness he so often knows.

Rationalization, shorter working hours, improved trade do not touch the problem; an entire change of spirit, of face, and of outlook is needed. I believe this change has already started; I believe that many people, especially young people, are today looking towards the socialism of Christ not only as an ideal but as a longed-for reality, a reality where nation will speak unto nation not over tariff walls but over the planks of common interests and common progress, where the whole human race will be united in one brotherhood of good will. Admittedly, the goal is far and difficult to reach, but how much nearer it will be if we all have our faces turned toward it, acting toward it, helping toward it. The socialism of Christ offers us our only salvation; you can see that if you stop to think.

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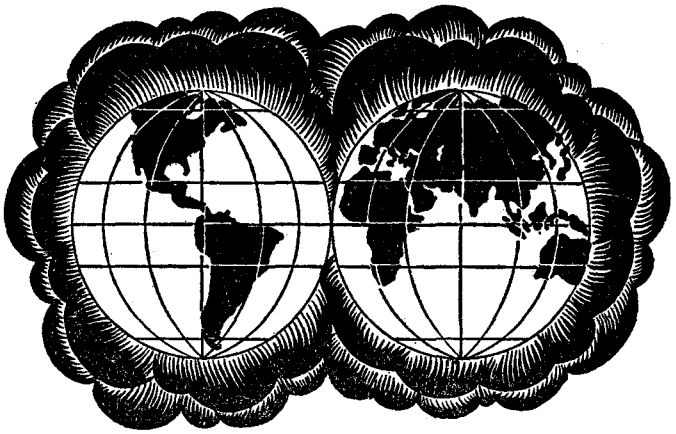
The Key to Peace



by **VYVYAN ADAMS**

EDITOR'S NOTE: — The following article is a statement by a member of the British House of Commons of what he believes should be the path of the United States toward securing a world-wide peace.

TEN YEARS AGO as a very young man I was lucky enough to pay a visit to America. Rushing eastward on the *Berengaria*, my fellow passengers and I were cut off from sight of land for nearly a full week. When finally we descried the unbelievably beautiful skyline of New York, England and the mainland of Europe had begun to seem an earth trodden in a past life. After the period of my sojourn had slipped away, I went home on the fastest liner then in service — the old *Mauretania*. We knew and felt the speed of the greyhound. Yet her prowess did not avail to dissipate a sense that we were exchanging the Old World for the New. The three thousand miles of ocean were as unmercifully spacious as ever.

Since then Colonel Lindbergh and others have made the waste of waters seem less formidable. A few months ago two British airmen, Scott and Black, raced from England to Australia in less than three days. Their record will not stand for long. The earth lies shrunk beyond measure since the dawn of the century. Yet the United States are still physically remote from Europe and from Asia. (An American on a Mediterranean pleasure cruise was contemplating Vesuvius. He turned to a compatriot and said, "That reminds me of hell." He was overheard by an English lady, who said to her companion, "My dear, how these Americans do travel!")

But the volume of American visitors to Europe has not nearly resumed its predepression dimensions. And in the nature of present circumstances only a fraction of your six score million citizens can ever make the week's journey across the water. As for Europeans in general and the English in particular, the fortunate visitants to the Republic are rare as sea gulls in Warwickshire. To each other the American and English nations are still strangers. Distance has not yet shriveled to a point where it ceases to decree misunderstanding or indifference. We both speak the same language. Yet to innumerable Americans the English seem the incompetent neighbors of a polyglot and quarrelsome continent, while the typists of London and the textile workers of the West Riding of Yorkshire gather their notions of America from sensational strips of animated and cacophonous celluloid.

The reader will by now have inferred that, however complete the license I have been granted to revile American unconcern, I am not going to exploit it. Well do I understand that unconcern. Well can I appreciate the amusement with which the American, safe in his vast and wealthy country, regards this fog-bound little kingdom. That kingship is but an element, though an element of vital importance, in our constitution; that the fogs are a temporary malaise which casts into bold relief the Manhattan-like clearness of our June skies;

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and that our tiny territory, sustaining more than one third of your population, is the political center of a quarter of the world's surface are facts which need not shatter the foundations of a pleasing fiction. There is enough truth in it to make a good joke live.

And we, with infinitely less excuse than you, nourish a few isolationists. Some years ago, a severe winter froze the English Channel. For some days no ships could pass. A great London newspaper unconsciously perpetrated the headline:

CHANNEL FROZEN; CONTINENT ISOLATED.

Poor Europe! No access to perfidious Albion. Yet there are in England a few who fancy we have to protect us the same shield of security as when Shakespeare made John of Gaunt invoke:

> This precious stone set in a silver sea
> That serves her in the office of a wall
> Or as a moat defensive to a house.

Physically we can no more be isolated from France than France can be isolated from Germany. Transit to the Continent is now accomplished in minutes. Yet our isolationists wish us to abandon the League of Nations — though that Commonwealth of which England is the heart has contacts and members in every continent, though the League is the only existing means of peacefully settling international differences (which it has often done quickly and without any blare of trumpets), and though we are, by our signature, as solemnly bound to the Covenant as to any other international instrument. Their numbers among serious circles are infinitesimal, but their most powerful and articulate spokesman is Lord Beaverbrook, the owner of the *Daily Express*, an organ of which nearly two million copies are sold every day. Four daily newspapers costing two cents apiece share in this country a total circulation of eight millions. Beyond these, however, there are available the *Daily Telegraph* (two cents), the *Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Yorkshire Post* (four cents each). So if men are intellectually poisoned they have only themselves to blame.

The papers, however, that are hostile to international co-operation seem in fact to carry no conviction. The "peace ballot" or "national declaration" has lately been completed. It was organized by the League of Nations Union and by other societies, on a voluntary and unofficial basis, to discover among other things the harm done by the poison spread by the isolationists. There voted nearly twelve million adults over the age of eighteen. The first of the five questions asked was: "Should Great Britain remain a member of the League of Nations?" The affirmative answers to this question amounted to ninety-seven per cent. It may therefore be concluded that as a serious political force the opinion represented by Lord Beaverbrook does not count. In the words of Anthony Eden, "It takes more than a leader in the *Daily Express* to alter geography." (The cartoonist, David Low, has created a character called Colonel Blimp. If you want to raise an automatic laugh, repeat in England one of Colonel Blimp's constant aphorisms: "Gad, Sir, Lord Beaverbrook's right!" A symptom of English perversity lies in the fact that Low is regularly employed by Lord Beaverbrook to publish his cartoons in another of his papers — the *Evening Standard*.)

II

IT MAY THEN be fairly assumed that Britain as a whole has grasped these facts — grasped them indeed more firmly than several of the men who help to govern her — that isolation is a ludicrous impossibility, that alliances are only an aggravated and perhaps more dangerous form of isolation, and that the only security possible in an age when destruction can follow the pressing of a button or the pulling of a lever is collective security. That idea may be expressed in the phrase, "the strength of all for the defense of each." But whether the British have grasped the full implications of such a principle is open to some doubt.

Armed isolation — absurd; alliances — merely the heralds of vast duels on the 1914–1918 model; what remains? Simply to confront the intending lawbreaker with the overwhelming physical and moral resistance of the rest of the world.

What is the rest of the world? Is it the League of Nations minus the criminal? Is it a body of nations pledged individually and collectively to the terms of the Covenant, terms involving responsibilities which no honest government could break?

Unfortunately it is not. Two nations, when aggrieved or dissatisfied, thought it more in their national interest to be outside than to be

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inside. Their defection has been perhaps fully redressed by the recent entry of Russia into the comity of nations. But, most fatal to the principle, the United States has never been within the League. The blunting or uprooting of most of President Wilson's fourteen points, upon which Germany surrendered, goes far toward justifying American action: indeed it is wholly intelligible.

Yesterday Sir Samuel Hoare, the new British Foreign Secretary, said in the House of Commons in my hearing:

> As long as there is an effective League and a system of collective security we are ready and willing to take our full share of collective responsibility. But when I say collective responsibility I mean collective responsibility. Over and over again we have stated, and no one better than the Prime Minister, our fidelity to the League and its principle, and I reaffirm it today.

No lawbreaker can be restrained without "sanctions," which some say, erroneously as I think, must lead to war. However, you cannot guarantee peace without force. Generally applied economic sanctions would suffice if backed by military and naval force. But observe the careful qualifications in the passage from Sir Samuel Hoare's speech: "effective League . . . collective responsibility." Is it not open to a British foreign secretary, when sanctions are suggested, to say, "I will do nothing in this matter till I know what the United States are going to do about it"? There is the staircase down which Britain could always make a dignified diplomatic retreat. Economic sanctions? some will say. Absurd, when the United States could supply the lawbreaker with all she needs twenty times over!

Why not? Is the United States really to entangle herself, to her economic detriment, with the disputes of remote continents? Now the answer which I am going insolently to give is "Yes." And the reason why she should commit herself to general action by joining the League is that peace is indivisible. All the statesmen of every country will say, some intermittently, others with monotonous reiteration, "Peace is the supreme interest of my country." But isolation is not going to win peace for any country. You cannot have peace unless the rights and interests of all countries are respected. You cannot have peace unless harsh, obsolete, or inequitable treaties can be peacefully revised. A League without the United States might have averted the supreme catastrophe of 1914. A League containing the whole of America would at that date have been an irresistible bulwark against the violent ambitions of any power. But no League existed, and therefore the United States could not then be a member all by herself.

The War came. America intervened. Her intervention cut short the foul and bloody business and contributed incalculably towards the final issue. Without detracting from her achievement one whit, I would say, knowing the Americans' conception of decency and their power to discern their own eventual interests, that her intervention was as inevitable as fate. In the event, though the chief creditor, she has suffered from the post-War depression as acutely as any other state.

But suppose America had not intervened; suppose moreover that the price of her non-intervention had been the defeat of the combination headed by France and Great Britain, followed by a German hegemony. Suppose that hegemony had extended, as assuredly it would, granted the earlier premises, to other continents containing parts of the dismembered British Empire: would the world have been a safer place for American democracy?

III

It is a commonplace that Great Britain will be unable to keep clear of any major European dispute. Again, if American intervention was physically, ethically, and politically necessary in the last European war, is she any more likely to avoid another, now that the world has, during the last quarter of a century, shrunk to a fraction of its former size? That question may be open to the criticism that it is hypothetical. So I will ask another which is grimly related to unpleasant fact. Has the uninterrupted Japanese penetration of China promoted American security? Nobody is going to say either "Yes" or "It doesn't matter to us." The ruthless growth of Japanese power in the Pacific, a power which expands regardless of treaty obligations, can cause among Americans only apprehension and not admiration.

Could Japan have been stopped? Undoubtedly. I have never heard it denied that a collective economic blockade of Japan would have succeeded in compelling her to accept the recommendations of the Lytton Report. But

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when I say a collective blockade I mean a collective blockade. Action by the League *plus* the United States would alone have prevailed. That action would have had to be sustained by collective support in the maritime sphere by the four great naval powers. A League containing the United States would not have felt so weak or acted so timidly as to halt abruptly after a unanimous condemnation of the aggressor.

The indivisibility of peace is being more deeply underlined as the years pass. It is a truism that no world order can be set up without the full co-operation of the United States. But meantime Europe has to face the profoundly anxious question: How soon will there appear upon our continent an imitator of Japan in Manchuria and Italy in Abyssinia?

Europe is a continent teeming with armed and competing sovereignties. Each sovereign state within her tremulous boundaries wields the new and devastating power of the air. Indeed the present distribution and nature of armed forces constitutes the strongest possible guarantee of collective insecurity.

European civilization could yet be saved if military aircraft in Europe were reserved exclusively to the League of Nations. There has been no feasible policy suggested for the control of civil aviation. By this reservation mankind in Europe could make peace an abiding and dynamic reality. When we press America to enter that structure of which her great Woodrow Wilson was a chief architect, we owe it to her to make the League respectable. When the two elements of might and right are wedded, the League will be able not only, as now, to solve the majority of the disputes submitted to her: she will be able to enforce, as all respectable tribunals should enforce, one hundred per cent of her decisions.

While the danger of a League failure infinitely exceeds the advantage of a League success, only the blind partisans or the wanton cynics will ignore its remarkable achievements. Our English stunt press regards a peaceful settlement as lacking in news value. Accordingly such news is banished or relegated to an obscure corner on a back page. The problems presented by the free port of Danzig have lately been handled successfully. The agreement which at last brought to an end the pitiless and horrible conflict between Bolivia and Paraguay resulted from a welcome intervention of the South American states, but that intervention was in turn based on the work already done by a League committee. The terms of the agreement were almost identical with those previously suggested by the committee.

The League almost certainly prevented a war between Hungary and Jugoslavia consequent upon the assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia. The analogy between Marseilles and Sarajevo was too terribly manifest to overlook.

At the end of 1932 Persia and Britain were involved in a dispute about oil. Instead of making a demonstration of power politics by despatching gunboats to the Persian Gulf, Britain appealed to the League. After a hearing before the permanent Court of International Justice — a limb of the League — a new contract satisfactory to both parties replaced the old.

But most significant of all these settlements was the policing of the Saar before and during the holding of the plebiscite on January 13 of this year. The international force consisted of contingents from Italy, Sweden, Holland, and Britain. But such is the anarchy that prevails in the world that the very men who composed this most beneficent expedition may one day be used to destroy one another. But no one can now call the League futile.

The important feature about the Saar Force was the fact that it offered a model of real collective security. It should be treated as a precedent. But the Saar Force differed from my conception of an international police force. It consisted of detachable quotas and therefore was not strictly mixed. It was an ephemeral expedient calculated to deal with a limited problem. Its component contingents were normally controlled exclusively by particular states. An international air-police force would be a permanent body, charged chiefly with preventive, patrolling, and inspecting functions and only in the last resort with punitive duties. It would be homogeneous, for its recruitment would be undertaken under the direct authority of the League, which would also finance and organize it. There would be no national headquarters to which the individuals would drift, for the conclusive reason that this force would require and facilitate total national disarmament in the air. No lull in international relations, however protracted, would within measurable time warrant its dissolution any more than civil order would

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justify the Americans or the English in disbanding their domestic police forces.

IV

LONG BEFORE this point in my argument, the most sympathetic American has been murmuring: "My good sir, do get on with the job of putting your own house in order. Of what direct interest is this to me?"

There are many answers I might give to this just complaint. First, I value the powerful help of American opinion just as in 1932 I kept urging on the government the simple and common-sense solution offered to the problem of disarmament by President Hoover — an all-round cut of one third, after which no single state would have been relatively worse off than before and the whole world would have been a safer and a richer place.

Then, second, we are a democracy, and the voice of one member of Parliament is neither sovereign nor omnipotent. And, when a majority in this country has induced its government to sponsor this scheme, other governments remain to be convinced.

But the chief reason why I have written along these lines is suggested by the speculation of how long it will be before the Atlantic has as little protective value as the English Channel. Invention strides far ahead of political progress. Daily the surface of the world contracts. Man has to make up his mind whether he will be his brother's curse or his brother's keeper. The American and the Englishman have before them what is broadly the same problem. The Englishman has to try to solve it today. For his American brother the hour of decision cannot be postponed far beyond tomorrow.

Both are great patriots. Each is proud of his national traditions of freedom, tolerance, and self-government. Are they going to risk the survival of their civilization for the sake of unimpaired national sovereignty? Or will they lead their neighbors into the age of reason where nations treat a powerful international authority with the same obedience as private citizens treat the law courts? Hard necessity and the haunting imminence of doom are compelling the Englishman reluctantly to take the second course. Without the American, his task is disheartening and doubly difficult. He might succeed in co-operating with the reasonable elements in this continent to establish the basis of a European order. But who is to unlock the door to the land where the old and the young of each sex can be sure they will spend a full life in peace? The key to the door of world order is in the hand of the Englishman's mighty young American brother. The day will soon be with us when America, no less than ourselves, will need the security which only a dynamic League can offer.

Banners of Peace

O flags with your chorus of colors,
Your triumphal, wind-awakened beauty
Alive on the sublighted morning,
You are ever too splendid for scorning!
Yet flags of all nations I greet you
Not as the symbols of glory;
You are the symbols of blood and tears,
Of anguish remembered, of fears
Foreshadowing deadlier years.

Flags of the world I salute you,
But not with the gaze of a lover,
Your grief and your shame I discover.
Would you were all furled forever,
Or only the glad decorations
Of peaceful and prosperous nations!

For the heights of the Palace of Peace
Not one banner alone shall be singled;
From the tower that all peoples have builded,
Stars and crescents and crowns,
The lion rampant, the dragon —
All shall float with their colors commingled.

Ada Alden

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Do We Survive?

by **MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD**

When one is deeply occupied with a personal problem, it darkens the sky and obscures all other phenomena. The man who is hungry can think of nothing but food; every window he passes fronts on a restaurant and if he opens a paper all he sees are grocers' advertisements. He meets an acquaintance, and the acquaintance has just come from dinner or is just going to it and says so. It is only after he himself has eaten and is satisfied that the stores turn again into places for the sale of hardware and stationery and drugs, that the papers devote their space to fires and murders and politics, that his friends discuss baseball scores or their impending operations.

So it is that of late months, beneath a surface activity of work and travel and social amenity, my mind has been dwelling incessantly on the greatest of our unsolved problems. When that which is going to happen some day to every one of us has happened, will anything ever happen to us again? Will there be, in any real sense, any "us" for anything to happen to? What evidence is there, on either side?

So far as we ourselves are concerned, it really does not matter. If we are to go out like the turning off of electric bulbs, we shall never know it. If death is the gateway to a new experience, we shall meet it soon enough, and to anticipate its actualities would merely satisfy a purposeless curiosity and perhaps divert us from useful labors here. It is of no moment to us who are alive what is to come to us when we are dead. But, for us who are bereaved, the balance of sanity, the very endurability of existence may depend on the answer to that question — or, rather, on our decision concerning it, for a definitive answer cannot be given now or perhaps ever. All we can do is to weigh probabilities, with the scales heavily burdened by our own temperaments, mentalities, and training.

The hand that turned off the electric light can turn it on again. It is the same bulb, reanimated by the new entrance into its filaments of that undefined thing we call an electric current. But we — are we too something apart from a force or entity in us we call life, and, when that life is withdrawn, can we (perhaps in some new form or condition) receive its impulses again? Or is life merely an aspect of our material being, which manifested itself in us at birth — or conception — and will cease to be when our bodies disintegrate in death?

No philosopher, no poet has failed to occupy himself with that question. But the Occidental world at least has attained to a stage of advancement where we are no longer interested in the pretty or gloomy judgments of poets or philosophers. If the problem is to be solved, it is the scientists who must solve it for us. Catullus disposed of it two thousand years ago by saying:

> Suns may set to rise again,
> But for us, when once our brief light dies,
> There is perpetual night within which we must slumber.

But that is begging the question. Sleep is not

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death's brother, as Shelley fancied it. The essence and meaning of sleep is the awakening from it, and that is the crux of the problem of death. Hamlet, unable to dissociate himself from the concept of death as sleep, dreaded "what dreams may come." If we are to believe Freud, no sleep is dreamless. The more we learn about sleep, through the investigations of Donald Laird of Colgate University and others, the weaker becomes that favorite analogy. After life's fitful fever we sleep neither well nor ill. Either we cease to be and "are not any more at all" or we go on to some new wakefulness.

We must cast aside every last premise of either philosophy or religion if we are to inquire into the realities of death. That most human beings, from the Old Stone Age men, who painted bones red and nested skulls facing toward the east, to Sir Oliver Lodge, who bids a temporary farewell to his listeners on the radio and is confident of rejoining his lost Raymond through the isomeric looking glass, have had faith in some sort of survival of death is no argument at all. There is nothing to keep them all, from Cro-Magnard to Lodge, from being totally mistaken. Wish fulfillment is the most treacherous of all foundations for belief. The complacency of the mystic's "knowledge of reality" is as emotional and unprovable as is the bigoted certainty of the man who refuses to discuss or test so-called psychic phenomena at all. Neither is based on the method of science, which involves infinite patience, unlimited piling up of separately insignificant details, single-minded interest in nothing whatever but the acquisition of or approximation to fact. This method is our only hope of ever arriving at any valid conclusion in any field susceptible to its researches.

To say that "love cannot die," that "nothing is wasted," that "we could not conceive of survival if it did not exist" is merely to make a statement, not to prove a fact. The logical reply is: "How do you know?" But we may make the same reply to those who affirm with equal dogmatism that survival is impossible. The universe, as the wisest man I ever knew used to remark, is also impossible; but it is here.

It is equally useless to talk of a kind of immortality divorced from the persistence of individual personality. Certainly the chemical elements of which our bodies are composed continue, after our death, to exist in other combinations. But that is not what any human being means by survival. It is of no interest to me that the oxygen and hydrogen and phosphorus which once helped to make up the texture of a man's hand or gave the blue light to his eyes are now recombined in the green of a leaf or the wetness of a river. I never loved a bird's wing or lived with a rosebush. So with all the other subconscious subterfuges — the "survival" in one's children, the "immortality" of one's name or work, the

> choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence.

When we ask if the dead survive somewhere and somehow, we mean as and in themselves. We do not want to know if iron and sulphur and nitrogen can recombine, if genes and chromosomes persist in an immortal germ plasm, if people still remember William Shakespeare. We want to know if, in some recognizable form, the congeries of traits we once called John or Mary still lives and may know and be known to us again when we too have gone where they have preceded us.

We have no patience, either, with the plausibilities of the theosophists and other believers in reincarnation. Aside from the impossibility — or extreme improbability — of evidential proof of their theory, what can it really matter to us even if it should be true? As Lucretius asked long ago of the reincarnationists of his own day, what do we know of where or what we were before our birth? We shall know the same nothing of this life we lead now if we are born again. Is it any help to the torn heart of the bereaved to think that he who is left behind and the one who left him will one day reinhabit the earth? They would be little likely ever to meet again — in all probability they would be insuperably parted by difference of age or race or class. And if they were not, would it add one jot to the happiness of newly discovered lovers to know that they were lovers also in some bygone century and distant land — or take one tittle from today's agony to think that in 2735 two persons who would never recognize or remember each other might meet? Perhaps I was once Boadicea or a serf under Ivan the Terrible; but now I am neither and I can feel no identity with either of them.

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II

THERE IS only one thing left to us to give us the least hope of ever securing an answer to the question which we cannot — though doubtless we should — put off for time inevitably to answer. It lies in a young and fumbling branch of scientific inquiry, despised and rejected by its older and more prosperous sisters, the Cinderella and stepchild of the sciences. Its technique is unformed and uncertain, its path wavers around stones of preconception and bogs of error. It shares seldom in the endowments of the munificent, and it must fight a barrage of fraud and deceit from many of the objects of its investigation. But its method is the method of science, and if we are ever to know the reality of death it must be through the findings of the psychic researchers. Yet it is only since the reorganization of the American Society for Psychic Research in 1907 that, in this country at least, the subject can be said to be on a truly scientific basis.

I remember once riding in an elevator with a book tucked under my arm — a detailed and sober study of the manifestations of so-called clairvoyance. The conclusion of the author was that, though certain phenomena were indubitable, even under the strictest test conditions, and though there was at present no explanation of them amenable to known physical law, yet so far as he himself was concerned he was still agnostic regarding any connection between them and any disincarnated human mind. Yet a slight acquaintance, glancing at the title, exclaimed with a laugh, "Why, do *you* believe that kind of stuff? Did you ever see a ghost?"

I might have answered: "Yes, I have seen a ghost — several of them, in fact. Yet I do not 'believe' in ghosts, for I cannot sufficiently rule out subjective factors, such as delusion or hallucination. I have seen stranger things than ghosts: I have seen a pear dance on a bare table; I have seen a stove lifter sail clear across a room in broad daylight with no one near it; I have seen a hanging vase keep swinging night and day from Tuesday to Friday with no hand touching it; I have seen windows with heavily rusted hasps, which a strong man had to force open and which a severe windstorm could not shake, swing wide without warning on a clear, still day. Yet I can find no evidence that any one of these or dozens of other phenomena I have witnessed, in the presence of others but with no professional 'medium' at hand, has the slightest bearing on the subject of personal survival after death. I may only have been privileged to witness some faint accidental adumbration of what may be a commonplace of physics twenty years from now, as if by some peculiar combination of circumstances someone had in 1900 heard music by some uncontrolled technique that now we recognize as controlled radio broadcasting."

Naturally, I said none of these things, though they are all true, but merely smiled and shook my head. My questioner's response to the title of the book under my arm was only the obverse of that other emotional reaction: "Oh, if I had had half your experiences, I'd be a convinced spiritualist!"

Hereward Carrington, who has witnessed incomparably more psychic manifestations in one year than I or most of my readers in all our lives, has written a thick volume, a masterly summing up of all the findings of the psychic researchers to date, and at the end of it he announced that to him the verdict is still the Scotch one of "not proven." That strange and erratic genius, Charles Fort, in his posthumous book, *Wild Talents*, adduced hundreds of authenticated phenomena, yet accounted for them all on a theory which, however unorthodox, ruled out any communication between the dead and the living. There remain numerous verified occurrences — excluding the whole body of what are technically termed physical phenomena — which form a vast body of evidence. They may be the first data in the formulation of actual proof of the survival of personality after death — or they may some day be explainable on quite other grounds. One thing is certain, and that is that in no other way than by careful, patient, detailed, and open-minded investigation of reported happenings can the real truth ever be discovered.

It is quite understandable that a man should say, "I am not interested and I do not care to find out." He may even go further than this and confess frankly that if survival were proved it would invalidate and upset other theories he has formed or work he has done and that therefore he prefers not to inquire too deeply into the matter. But that is not the method or the rationale of science, which, with Plautus, con-

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siders nothing human alien to it. The genuine scientist or the genuine student of science must approach reported psychic phenomena in the same spirit in which he would approach any other reported facts of nature. If he says beforehand that he knows it is all a fake, he is as false to the spirit of science as if he said that he already believed in the verity of the occurrences he is supposed to be about to investigate; and if he is unalterably convinced that psychic research is a branch of abnormal psychology he is no more scientifically minded in any true sense than if he were convinced that it is a branch of theology.

I can comprehend very well the reluctance of the orthodox scientist to delve into researches in a field so unsavory in history and so tangled in emotion, for, though I am no scientist, I share his reluctance. But I can discount and eliminate it, and so can he. It is quite possible for a rationalist or even a mechanist to study psychic phenomena objectively, and if the truth of survival should ever be proved beyond all doubt, by test and experiment, it might well be reconciled with both rationalism and mechanism — would have to be, since science is rational by its very definition and mechanistic in increasing degree by reason of its findings.

Professor James K. Leuba sent a questionnaire, to be answered anonymously, to hundreds of scientists, asking for their beliefs (among other matters) on immortality. The consensus of opinion was heavily against it. Yet the late Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, of the Boston Society for Psychical Research, queried very largely the same list, asking merely if the recipients had themselves ever experienced or observed any so-called supernormal occurrences, and very many of these same men and women who were quite unconvinced of survival could not deny that they had seen or heard phenomena — some of them startling in nature — which to the ordinary experient would be proof positive that we live after death. A closed shutter lets in no light, whether it be closed because the light is too bright for sight to bear or because no light is there to enter. We shall never know which is the fact unless we open our mental shutters wide.

III

I MYSELF HAVE a personally evolved test of survival which has not yet been satisfied and until it is I cannot bring myself to accept immortality as true. It is this: let someone — which to me means one certain person — who is dead make known, through any means whatever, a provable fact either known in life by him alone or not yet known to anyone on earth; and let this fact then be proved. It may be great or trivial; he may tell me where some object is that he placed somewhere and I do not even miss or he may tell me that in three days a new and uncharted comet will appear behind the sun. If I go where he says and find the object, or if the comet cuts the evening sky — I am giving only crude examples — I shall be able to find no other explanation than the obvious but revolutionary one that he who is dead to us lives somewhere and can still tell us what he knows. No fact known to another living creature, nothing that I myself ever knew and have forgotten could answer this test, for it would bring in the question of telepathy, which is a related but separate problem.

I told this test to a spiritualist I know, and later he reported to me a "vision" he had had, in which a man who had died appeared to him and told him that there was a riot on the Embarcadero in San Francisco. Since the great waterfront strike of the summer of 1934 was already several weeks old and anyone with the most cursory knowledge of the situation could have predicted any number of riots near the piers in question, I was obliged to say that I could see nothing evidential in what he offered. Had the city been peaceful, with no labor trouble in existence, and had he then had this identical "vision" and a riot occurred a few days later, it would have fulfilled my condition.

Tests similar to this have been tried many times, and so far as I have been able to ascertain they have all failed when they were made experimentally. The usual method is for a man to write a message, seal it in an envelope, and deposit it in a safe-deposit box or some similar place, until his death. In every case where this was done (Houdini was one of those who tried it), the message has not been read correctly — even though in at least one instance a large reward was posted for its interpretation and hundreds of thousands of attempts were made within the allotted time. Even the law of probabilities should bring better results than this.

On the other hand, spontaneous instances of

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this sort of information are not lacking in the literature of psychical research. Apparently authenticated and verified cases are reported in which lost objects have been found, dangers have been warned of, and future events have been predicted. There are hundreds of unimpeachable instances of apparitions at the moment of death, when the actuality of the communicator's decease was entirely unknown to the percipient, and of prophetic dreams, such as those described by J. W. Dunne in his book, *An Experiment with Time*. It may be, as the mathematician Weil remarked, that events do not happen: we come upon them in our experiences.

Here, for example, is a case in my personal knowledge which has never appeared in print. A man in Oakland, California, was defrauded of his savings by another man. He had no legal redress, and the more he brooded on his disaster the more outraged he became. Finally, in an access of rage, he resolved to have it out with the man who had cheated him. He put a loaded revolver in his pocket and started to leave his room. Just as he neared the door, it opened, and to his amazement his mother entered. His mother lived in the East; he had not seen her for many years and had had no word of her arrival. He stared at her in astonishment.

"Why, Mother!" he exclaimed. "How did you get here?"

Without a word, she sat down in a chair — she was dressed as he remembered her, in street costume, but she carried no luggage — shook her head and smiled and stretched out her hand to him. Wondering and a little frightened, he approached her. And then suddenly there was no one there.

His only thought was that he had suddenly gone insane. He threw the revolver back in a bureau drawer, seized his hat, and rushed to a friend whose office was not far away. To him he told the whole story, concluding: "Do you think I've worried about this thing until I've lost my mind?"

His friend tried to assure him that even sane people, under the stress of excitement, might have hallucinations; that probably what he had seen was a projection of his emotional state, a warning from his own subconscious mind of the terrible danger he ran should he have carried out his rash impulse. The man, shaking with horror and only half-convinced, was afraid to return to his room alone and persuaded his friend to accompany him.

They had scarcely reached there when a telegraph messenger knocked on the door. Allowing for the difference in time, his mother had died at the very moment she had appeared to him.

Were I myself unmoved by personal emotions, I suppose I should accept such verified instances as this as having fulfilled my test. Unfortunately, I am unable to do so; to convince myself, the information must come to me and be substantiated by me. I have not yet been vouchsafed that unassailable proof, and, until or unless it is given to me, I too must remain agnostic as to life beyond death.

IV

THERE ARE, indeed, arguments against the possibility of survival which only the strongest and most unimpeachable proofs could outweigh. One of them was asked in the Bible, in that question about the man who had seven wives. It is easy for the believer in immortality to say glibly that in Heaven or Summerland or the Astral Plane those who truly loved will be together, regardless of earthly ties. But what of those who have truly loved more than once, though the objects of their affection may have disliked each other extremely? And what of unrequited love? I am reminded of a sadly comic incident. A man had a well-meaning acquaintance who admired him greatly and was exceedingly fond of him; unluckily, he was also a bore and a pest, and it was all the first man could do to treat him with sufficient politeness not to hurt his feelings. They died a week apart, and the bore's widow said to the widow of the bored, "It is my one consolation to think that now Bill is with your husband again!" What a prospect, for those tender-hearted people who are so frequently the victims of misplaced affection!

A more cogent and all but unanswerable objection is the difficulty of thinking of the personality of a man apart from his physical body. When we say "John," we think of John's funny spurts of temper and his easy generosity and the way he loves flowers and his absent-mindedness but, inextricably mingled with these, we think also of his wavy hair and the mole on his arm and his scholarly stoop. When a child dies, it was the child we loved; is he to

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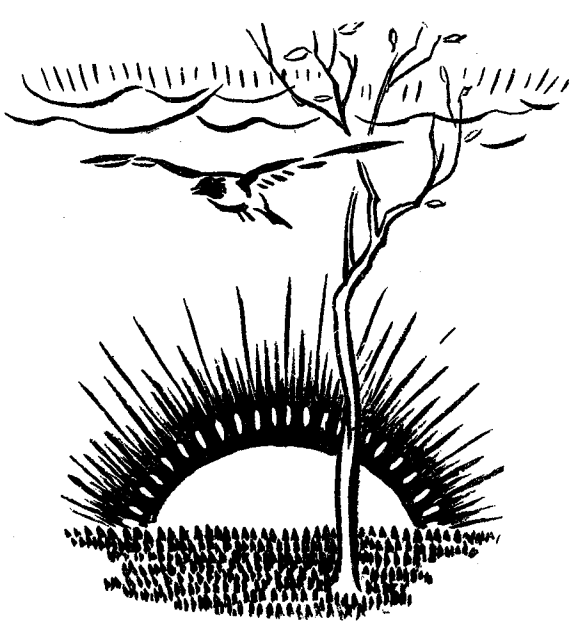
remain forever a child, or, if in some other existence he grows to maturity, where then will be the child we knew? All the expressions of feeling by which one person endears himself to another come through the channel of the body. There may perhaps be some reality which we can comprehend now no more than we can actually visualize a third dimension; but in that reality would there be any recognizable survival of the personality as it appeared to us in life? It would take, I think, incontrovertible and innumerable proofs to persuade the tough-minded of us beyond the whisperings of doubts created by such thoughts as these.

And yet, to those who are bereaved, it is so terribly important to be able to know whether their bereavement is forever. When I myself lost all that was dear to me on earth, a friend said to me, "I could understand why, if I were in your place, I should want to die if I thought death would reunite me with the one who is gone but, if death were to me the end of all, I should want to keep on living." I replied that to me the situation was exactly reversed: if death means simply the cessation of being, then I too long for its coming, for the end of the pain and longing which such loss makes of life; but if I could have it proved to me that somewhere, somehow the dead do survive, that, no matter how long the waiting, some day we should be together again, I could endure anything here with patience and fortitude, secure in that blessed certainty. I feel so, still; so long as there is the least glimmering of possibility that death is not what to our common sense it indeed appears to be, I cannot see how we should dare to put a period to our own existence, however unbearable it may have become. Suppose that, by some law we do not yet understand, self-ending of one's life should prevent or even delay that reunion which is the only joy we ever can experience again. I cannot think such cruelty could be; and yet Nature knows no mercy, and the world we know and see is full of instances of equal inexorability and injustice. If there is another world we do not know, why may not it too be inexorable and unjust?

I recall how as a child I would sometimes lie awake and shudder at the thought of the inevitability of death. It was not death itself which terrified me but the impossibility of avoiding it — the absolute certainty that here was one thing, at least, which no illusion of free will could struggle against. Now the thought of death's inevitability, long as it may linger, is my stronghold of consolation. Sooner or later, come what may, I shall know the answer to this question which poets and theologues and philosophers have talked about for centuries but of which they have found the true solution only by dying in their turn — or I shall know nothing, and that too will be an answer.



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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach
President, Poetry Society of America

October Forest

October has come quietly
Into these woods, and every tree
Has a trunk of gold. The light
Comes in level. There is bright
Radiance not from the sky.
It is so still a minute fly
Hangs like a burnished bead and shines,
Without a string, among the pines.
A toadstool has turned velvet cloth,
Brocaded wings upon a moth
Stand so stiff they might be stone;
I am animate alone.

An unseen and mysterious lace
Brushes and breaks across my face.
Sometimes, far off, I see a wire
Slender as silence, all on fire
With low light, but when I come
Up to it, there is the strum
Of a harp string as it breaks
Invisible, no leaf edge shakes.
I am walking through the strings
Of a harp, and golden things
Are being broken by me here.
I have no right in such a clear,
Quiet world, with not a bird
And not a leaf or pine twig stirred.
Something is happening under these
Tranced and sunlit autumn trees;
I must turn backward and tread light,
Something is happening here tonight.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

POETRY BOOK OF THE MONTH

XXIV Elegies, by John Gould Fletcher (Writers' Editions, $2.50).

All living is imminent death in these so-called elegies, but beautiful death is the vital, sensitive breath of life. Multicolored electric fantasy plays over these verses like a shifting aurora borealis on a frosty night. Napoleon was never nobler than in

The momentary glimmer of a face
Pure, cold and godlike, bearing for those who suffer
The image of a destiny that failed
Against the slow attrition of the dust.

Honorable Mention: *Golden Fleece*, by William Rose Benét; *Death and General Putnam*, by Arthur Guiterman; *Selected Poems and Parodies of Louis Untermeyer.*

All Men Are Pioneers

All men are pioneers inside their hearts.
They are forever seeking wilderness.
Behind strong teams they ride in hooded carts,
Avid for life, and masterless.

They would take their women west or north,
They would invade a country terrible with peril,
They would eternally be riding forth
Out of the cities they have found so sterile.

In their hearts they are forever cutting clover,
They are forever drawing water from a well.
In their dreams they are observing, over and over,
The ground they would clear, the forests they would fell.

They are dreaming of lands uncivilized that sprawl
Unfound, or unimagined, or forgot. . . .
Knowing they will not leave the town at all,
As like as not.

Lionel Wiggam

Sonnets from the Psalms

LXXXIII, 4

(They have said, Come, let us root them out, that they be no more a people, and that the name of Israel be no more in resemblance.)

The ancient folly, perpetually renewed!
Turn back, turn back the pages, oh, ye blind,
And sons of the blind! Is not this planet strewed
And over-strewed with records? Can ye find
One nation on all our globe that has not rued
The day that saw this people thrust behind
Into the darkness of those ghettos? The brood
That spawned in the narrow alleys, that repined
Below the weeping-wall, that lowered the head
And bent the knee to your brief haughtiness,
Awhile, is that same brood that manna-fed,
Spoiled the Egyptians.
Are they more, or less,
Today? And is old Herod living, or dead?
Where he sowed failure, will you reap success?

XIII, 1

(How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? For ever?)

A broken, brutish line, they crawled their way,
Under the lash that laughed at them, bright red
At every bleeding mouth; from the birth-bed
To the death-bier, each hour of each long day,
Beyond their poor appeal, was forfeited
To pyramid, or mine, or, clay to clay,
To endless labor in the fields.
To pray
Was all they knew, patience their only stead.
Till God himself grew weary of that hymn,
Rising from out the Nile-mud; echoing strong
Above the hungry furrows, no sooner filled,
Than emptied; surging loud, where from the dim,
Dark mines the chorus wailed at him.
"Too long!"
He cried, "Enough of this sweat!"
The wheel was willed.

Josephine D. Bacon

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Our Rostrum

CHURCH VS. STATE

To the Editor:

With great interest I have read in your September issue the article entitled "The Holy War in Mexico," written by Mr. George A. Moreno, an American citizen and a Roman Catholic. This article is manifestly fair in its treatment of the so-called religious problem in Mexico, and I am very glad to see it published in a review as important as THE FORUM.

As impartial observers have stated, the alleged Mexican religious problem does not exist in Mexico but in the United States. Whatever the incidents may have been of the long conflict between the Roman Church and the state in Mexico, it is evident that, at present, the great majority of the people of Mexico does not show great concern for the fate of this organization.

As late as 1926 and 1927 the Roman Catholic Hierarchy succeeded in inveigling a few groups of peasants into assuming a rebellious attitude toward the Mexican Government. These groups were frequently led by persons invested with the rank of priest of this church, who, to deceive the peasants, offered the remission of sins as reward for service. At times they even went so far as to issue them official passports to heaven.

Again, in 1934, the Hierarchy made attempts to foment rebellion against the government, and these attempts were promptly denounced by Emilio Portes Gil, who was then Attorney General. This seditious attitude on the part of the Church was later confirmed, with the publication of interviews by self-styled American newspaper men with several members of the Roman Hierarchy in Mexico who are quoted as preparing another sanguinary rebellion from secret headquarters. These admissions are sufficient proof of the fact that the Hierarchy retains its seditious attitude toward the laws and Government of Mexico. But they are also a proof of something even more significant, namely, that they have not succeeded in instigating a group of even a hundred men into rebelling against the Mexican Government. And that is why the "bloody revolt" they predicted for the spring of this year is now predicted for the fall or winter and will continue to be predicted *in saecula saeculorum* —

The politically organized Roman Catholic groups that continuously attack Mexico in this country are devoid of interest in the welfare of Mexico. They seek only to increase their power in the United States. The anti-Mexican publicity campaign has not ended. It will undoubtedly last as long as the struggle for power of the Roman Hierarchy in this country continues. They can always use to their advantage part of the funds raised in this country, just as they have used, for their own interests, funds mulcted from Mexican Catholics on the pretext of furthering religious and charitable aims.

The Church-state question in Mexico is not a Mexican political issue. It is not and cannot be an international issue. It is fundamentally a national issue in American politics. The Roman Catholic Hierarchy is trying, in this manner, to gain in the United States the political domination it lost in Mexico.

The example of Mexico is a living one. The struggle to abolish the yoke of the Roman Church has lasted more than a century. The activities of this hierarchy have ceased to be a racket — to use the American expression — in Mexico, but I am not sure that they are not becoming a real menace to other countries.

EDUADOR VILLASEÑOR
Consul General of Mexico
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . The only comment that I should care to make — believing as I do that Bishop Kelley may be safely trusted to answer what I regard as the specious and unfair arguments of the article [see page 212] — is that Mr. Moreno commits the same mistake that so many writers on the Mexican religious situation commit when they simplify the whole controversy into a matter merely of the people versus the Church.

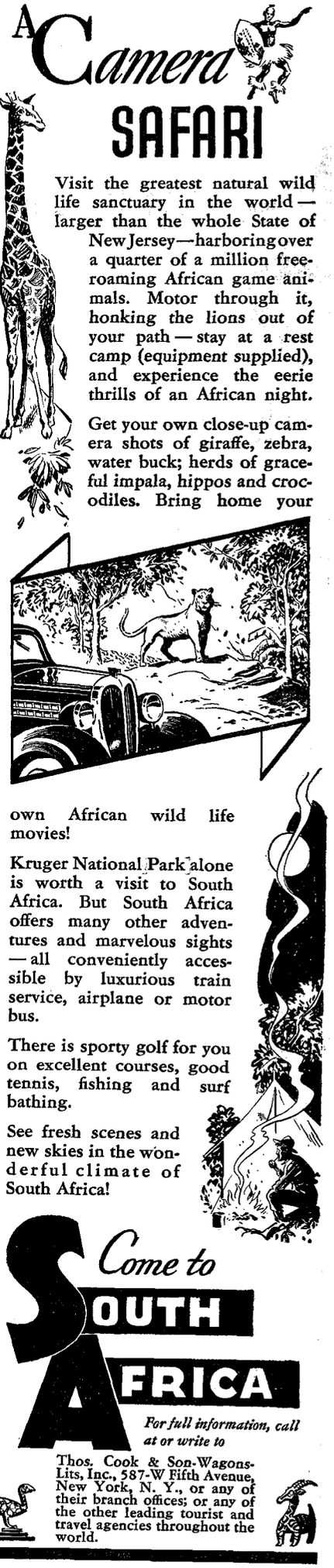
While I have no doubt that it is quite true that Catholic bishops and priests in Mexico during the centuries since Catholicism entered that country have been guilty of avarice and many forms of exploitation of the people, I think that any historian who knows the subject would agree that the greater part of the injustices suffered by the Mexican native races came from the same people who also caused so much trouble for the Church, namely, the concessionaires, military chieftains, commercial exploiters of all sorts, all of whom were members of the Spanish laity and not official representatives of the Church. This point seems hardly visible in Mr. Moreno's superficial sketch.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Editor*
The Commonweal
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . I read with great interest the splendid article written by Mr. Moreno and I wrote to him personally to let him know how I enjoyed the reading of his article, written by an eyewitness of Cristeros' past atrocities who seems to know quite well the facts. . . .

FRANCISCO CASTILLO NÁJERA,
Ambassador
Embajada de Mexico
Washington, D. C.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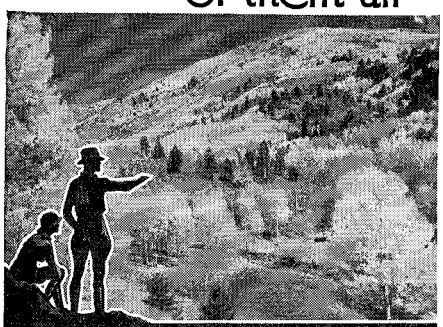

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Our Rostrum

To the Editor:

There is little that is new in George A. Moreno's article, "The Holy War in Mexico," and, other than the personal incidents, I have called attention to many of the same things in my current volume: *Chaos in Mexico*. How far Mr. Moreno's selections of recent history are due to his personal experience one cannot tell, but he has failed to tell the whole story as it was when I was in Mexico, three months later than he.

Were the aims of the government simply to curb the temporal power of the Church or even entirely to suppress it, that would be one thing. But it is not simply that by any means. It is to suppress religion altogether. Teachers are required to sign statements reading: "I declare that I am an atheist."

A newspaper imitating the style of Russian journals carries alongside its front-page title a caricature of Jesus, in an apparently intoxicated condition, wearing a crown at a rakish angle, suggestive of ribaldry. When I told Sr. Portes Gil that the government was charged with being responsible for the publication, he answered that the allegation was "entirely false." I have no doubt that he thought he was telling the truth, for there is a good deal of duplicity inside state circles. The right hand of the government often does not know what the left hand is doing. As a matter of fact, however, I found that the street address named in the headline of the paper was but a sub or pseudo office and that the paper was printed in and issued from the official printing office of the Department of Agriculture.

In his essay printed with the imprint of his cabinet office, Sr. Portes Gil does reverent homage to Jesus, refers to Him as "the Master," capitalizes the pronouns referring to Him, appeals to "the Gospel" of Jesus, declares that "Mexico applauds" elements of "the doctrine" of the Master — while the printing presses of the Department of Agriculture continue to turn out another piece of literature, weekly, carrying a repulsive representation of Jesus on its headline. The voice sounds like that of Jacob, but the hand is that of Esau.

One can stand much of the contradictoriness of Mexican politics but not quite to the extent of "collective" (to use the oft-employed term) hypocrisy. Nor can one avoid the question as to whether or not the document of the Secretary of Foreign Relations is intended for consumption in the United States, while that issued from the Department of Agriculture is prepared for the edification of the peasants of Mexico.

There is abundant evidence that the present Mexican government intends to follow Russia and wipe out all religion.

Mr. Moreno says that the people "took care that their loved altars were not injured or disturbed." Well, they have not succeeded, for I found the lower part of the cathedral in Mexico City used as a storeroom by the state, in which altars, images, crucifixes, madonnas, etc. were piled in what were practically trash heaps. Churches taken by the government are used to display communistic and atheistic cartoons.

The laws now enacted, if enforced, would dispose of religion altogether. Indeed, the policies of the government in this effort are almost childish. The officials are poor sportsmen. Whatever may have been the case in the past, *at the present moment* Mexico is largely ruled by a fanaticism of the state that is as great, at least, as that of the Church in the past. Just now there is more dignity and restraint in the latter than in the former.

What the state is doing to establish social justice with one hand it is largely nullifying by its suppression of religious liberty with the other. Whatever may be the situation now, one could hardly conceive of a more intolerant and irresponsible body than the cabinet as it was in March.

CHARLES S. MACFARLAND
The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Coming from the pen of a Catholic, the article on "The Holy War in Mexico," by George A. Moreno, is most significant, and commendation must go to THE FORUM for publishing it. The sympathy of Americans will, I am sure, go to a people which is struggling to separate Church and state, since, lacking such separation, only evil can result. I shall be interested to read the reply of the Most Reverend Francis C. Kelley. Meanwhile, it is a happy omen that an American Catholic can be so objective-minded as to condemn Catholicism when it obviously fails.

H. A. OVERSTREET
The College of the City of New York
New York, N. Y.

CHINA AND HER PATRIOTS

To the Editor:

The New Life Movement in China, which might more properly be called the Ancient Life Movement, began as an attempt to create a philosophy for the reactionism which supplanted radicalism in dominating Chinese official circles when Chiang Kai-Shek was forced to abandon Borodin for the Shanghai bankers in order to save his own eminence. It ends as an attempt to rationalize the abject surrender to Japan which puts today's Kuomintang several degrees lower than Yuan Shih-kai in skin-saving supineness. Your

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Our Rostrum

magazine is pretty much out of date in bothering with it.

Chiang's only defense is that it is wiser to run away. The burden is now on him to show that he is living to fight another day. At the same time, having lived among them most of my life, I can't for the life of me see just what good to China are patriots of the type of Mr. Yee Wah, of California ["China Betrayed," September FORUM] — despite his lively use of the English language.

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MILITARY TRAINING

To the Editor:

I read with great interest the . . . debate on compulsory military training [September FORUM] between Mr. Edwin C. Johnson and Mr. Ralph C. Bishop. I want to congratulate you on having the issue so clearly set forth and I believe that your readers, as a group, will agree with me that Mr. Bishop ["Of What Use Is a Defenseless America?"], in his defense, merely substantiates the charges of Mr. Johnson ["$10,000,000 Yearly for Anti-social Education"].

There is, to my mind, only one fundamental point. I cannot take sides in the argument about physical training or about the yearly expenditures of the War Department. (I do know, however, that in some universities ponies were, at one time, provided for the college polo teams with War Department money.) Nor am I qualified to take a stand on the progress of military science and the usefulness of the infantry and cavalry.

The important issue is the purpose and effect of military training in the colleges. Proponents of the program state that it develops "courtesy, teamwork, respect for organization and authority." In another part of the article Mr. Bishop says that certain exercises that are given "are necessary for insuring discipline and control."

I agree with Mr. Johnson that the real result of military training is to break down individuality, imagination, and sensitivity to social conditions in such a way that these young men can be counted on in times of stress to combat any movement that savors of "radicalism." The effort to maintain civil liberties in this country, I fear, is rapidly approaching a national crisis.

The decision of the Maryland Court of Appeals quoted by Mr. Bishop contains the implication that peace movements, in themselves, are "radical" and, therefore, antisocial. This assumption is even more obvious in his attack on John Haynes Holmes, who is one of the most sincere leaders in the fight against war. On this issue I am firmly on the side of those who are combating every danger of

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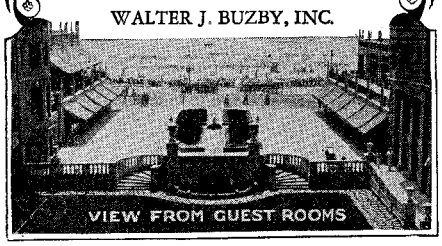

VIEW FROM GUEST ROOMS

Our Rostrum

militaristic domination of the American press and educational institutions. The most convincing thing to me in your debate is the clarity of the hidden, underlying motives of the militarists in trying to force the R.O.T.C. on publicly supported colleges and universities. Only those who misguidedly believe that they have something personal to gain from the suppression of all liberal movements can oppose the idealistic, humane, and socially minded fight against the waste, horrors, and degradations of war.

BERNARD S. DEUTSCH, *President Board of Aldermen*
New York, N. Y.

AMERICAN ART

To the Editor:

Congratulations on Ruth Pickering's article, "American Art Comes Home," in the September issue of THE FORUM. The article is an excellent summary of the current movement toward independence in American art. If anything, it is too calm, too charitable to the precious wretches who, for years, obstructed and despised every decent effort by an American but who are now playing politics to land federal jobs. . . .

THOMAS CRAVEN
Great Neck, N. Y.

To the Editor:

This recent, very recent, discovery of the "American Scene" in art possesses all the charm of naïveté, inexperience, and engaging absence of perspective. What about the Long Island farm-boy painter, W. S. Mount, and his ruddy-faced field hands and tavern keepers? What of Eastman Johnson's early native genre pieces — *Old Kentucky Home, Husking Bee*, and *Cranberry Pickers?* And has not this American art of ours likewise possessed its haunting, mystic suggestion — its hint of "other-worldness" — as well as its richly factual presentation of regional types and character? How can one overlook the *Turkey Pasture* and *She Was a Witch* of George Fuller, living in fruitful isolation on the old, mortgaged family farm at Deerfield? Furthermore, our first and most convinced Impressionist, Theodore Robinson, depicted with simple, luminous variety the sun-steeped joys of haymaking in Wisconsin. Do these ecstatic, ingenuous proselytes and propagandists realize that their latest artistic *trouvaille* can boast a continuous, unbroken line of development for over a century? . . . No, my dear Miss Pickering, whilst readily conceding the validity, we cannot subscribe to the novelty of your homecoming motif for American art. American art, in its authentic manifestations, has always been at home.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON
West Chester, Pa.

4 Editors Praise

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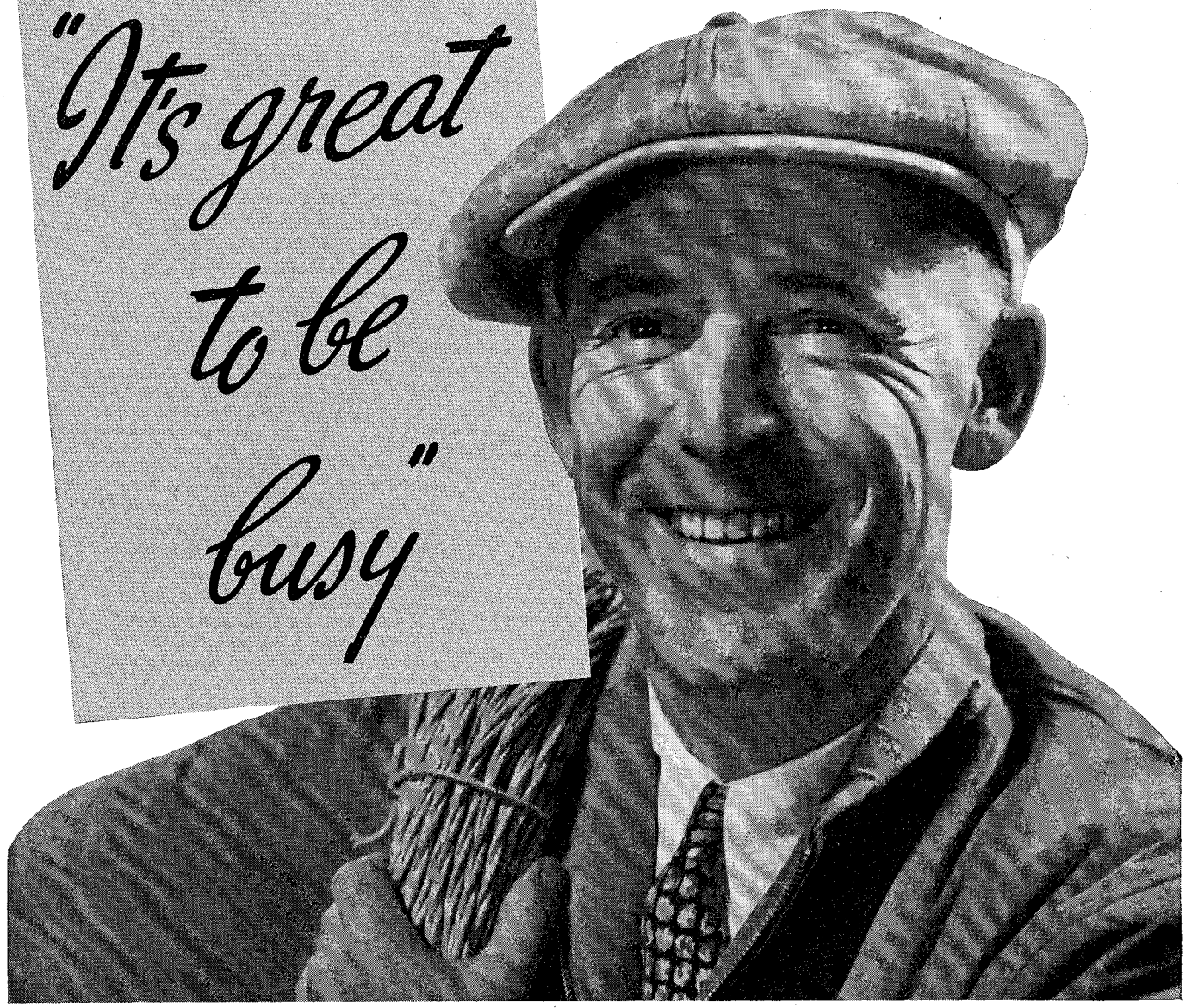

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FOLLOW THE LEADER

Henry Adams Bellows

"Despite abundant evidence to the contrary," writes Mr. Bellows, "it remains currently held that man is distinguished from the lesser animals by his habit of reasoning. On this assumption is founded the entire structure of democracy." The question in the modern world is whether the issues the democratic voter must pass upon have not become too complicated for his judgment. Mr. Bellows thinks they have, cites the current popularity of The Leader in Germany, in Italy, in the United States, as evidence of a revulsion from the necessity for decision, but urges that democracy can be preserved on compromise lines.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Clemence Dane

Cleopatra had one answer, Florence Nightingale had another, the Apostle Paul had another. And now, says Miss Dane, having standardized everything else in our civilization, we are in fair way to standardize love. Must we accept the Hollywood version of love as sex bowdlerized, as chocolate-box idealism?

LADY ASTOR AT HOME

Robert Bernays

As well try to keep Bernard Shaw out of the newspapers as Nancy Astor. And, ridiculous as she has been made to seem at times, she has a forceful personality that has made her a vital force in English politics. Her path upward to the House of Commons is marked with scorched spots where her quick and bitter wit has been brought into play. (A member of the Commons once said her presence there was as offensive to him as a lady in his bathroom. "If I were as ugly as you, X . . . ," she flashed out, "I should have no fear of any lady invading my bathroom."

IN DEFENSE OF THE ACQUISITIVE INSTINCT

Ludwig Lewisohn

The sad state of capitalism today has called into question the value of the urge for private property. Mr. Lewisohn considers such questioning slightly sophomoric, says the two brutal extremes of limitless multiplication of wealth and denial of the right to private property both end in misery and enslavement.

IS REJUVENATION POSSIBLE?

Herman F. Strongin

America has been flooded in recent years by exhortations of men who claim to be able to "rejuvenate," "reinvigorate," or "revitalize" human beings, usually by some alleged stimulation of the endocrine or other secretions. Gland operations, x-ray treatments, and other processes have been hailed as extending the period of human efficiency. "A mountain of ballyhoo," writes Dr. Strongin, "was created out of a molehill of dubious clinical facts." We had better stop reading the advertisements of quacks and playing Ponce de Leon — and remember that senility is sometimes a state of mind.

OTHER FEATURES

Guenther Stein's second paper on Japan, to deal with foreign markets; an article on disciplining the mind, by Upton Sinclair; another of Mary Colum's discussions of current literary trends; a debate on "The Right to Die"; an article on the American Constitution by Salvador de Madariaga; a plan for making democracy work, by Fred I. Kent.

THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 35 cents a copy; $4.00 a year; foreign and Canadian subscription, $5.00. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 35 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879.
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BY EDITH H. WALTON

FACING TWO WAYS, by Baroness Shidzué Ishimoto (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.50). In her own exceptionally interesting life Baroness Ishimoto typifies the transition in Japan from feudalism to modernism. The daughter of a wealthy samurai family, she was educated according to the old, rigorous notions of what was fitting for a Japanese lady. Though her father was an engineer, with a Western training and many Western notions, feudal customs prevailed in his household, and Shidzué was married with feudal ceremony and splendor to the young man whom her parents had selected. Baron Ishimoto, however, proved to be a Christian humanist, a disciple of Westernization and social reform. He took his sheltered young bride to a squalid mining town, where he had a job as engineer, and there Shidzué's social conscience was for the first time awakened. Encouraged by her husband, the process of her education and emancipation was completed when she made a trip with him to America. She returned to Japan an ardent feminist, opened a shop, and became very active in the birth-control movement. At this point, unhappily, the Baron suddenly reversed himself. Having encouraged Shidzué to be an independent person rather than a pampered doll, he turned conservative and announced that he had no use for the modern woman. The Baronness was left stranded, forced to choose between a ruined marriage and her own deepest beliefs. She chose the latter and remains a feminist and reformer. This story of her life, which she has written with such tolerance and charm, gives one an invaluable insight into the psychology and problems of modern Japan and is, surely, one of the most engrossing books to come out of the Orient.

VEIN OF IRON, by Ellen Glasgow (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). An affirmation of the will to live, of the refusal to accept defeat, is the theme of this long, fine novel. Miss Glasgow's Fincastles are people of sturdy stock, descended from a line of Scotch Presbyterian pioneers who settled in the Great Valley of Virginia. Ada Fincastle, the heroine of the book, inherits from her ancestors an invincible staunchness which carries her successfully through a very trying life. She is made of more enduring stuff than her husband, Ralph, whom she marries after long waiting and separation; and when the black tide of depression overtakes them in the Tidewater city of Queensborough, it is Ada who somehow keeps the family from going under. Like her vigorous old grandmother, like her frail mother, married to that idealistic ex-minister, John Fincastle, Ada feels that in spite of disaster her life has been a happy one. Miss Glasgow's accustomed wit and irony play no part in this novel, but *Vein of Iron* has a richness and warmth, an awareness of modern problems, a wise understanding which place it definitely with her very best work.

I LIVE IN VIRGINIA, by Julian R. Meade (Longmans, Green, $2.50). Shortly after graduating from the University of Virginia, Julian Meade decided to study his State and his people and to record his observations in a notebook. "Try to tell both sides," said his sister, and Mr. Meade did try, with the result that one can safely say his book conveys a pretty accurate idea of just what contemporary life in Virginia is like. Sometimes his notes are amusing, especially when he reports on a meeting of Virginia Rotarians or writes about Virginia Beach, where he worked as an office assistant in two summer boardinghouses. Sometimes they are slightly cynical, as in his account of returning to his alma mater, or simmering with indignation, as in his recollection of the brutalities of cadet life at V. M. I. Sometimes they are sad, as in those passages wherein he tells about the drab and dreary lives of textile workers. But they are, at the same time, always fair and always clear, whether they concern schoolteaching, a strike, the behavior of an eccentric character, or an afternoon spent in the company of a famous author. *I Live in Virginia* is an unusually engaging book of reminiscences by a very bright young man.

QUACK, QUACK!, by Leonard Woolf (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). Despite its brevity, this analysis of quackery in modern politics and intellectual life is an extraordinarily brilliant job. In the course of every civilization, says Mr. Woolf, there comes a moment when the forces of barbarism arise to assail it. We are living through such a period now and we are witnessing an attempt to supplant reason, tolerance, and freedom with primitive witchcraft and with savage emotions and fears. Mr. Woolf's political section is chiefly devoted to a discussion of Fascism, as practiced in Italy and Germany. He draws a number of ingenious and biting parallels with the psychology of the savage, showing, for example, that the Fascist belief in a leader with magic powers corresponds to the primitive trust in a God-inspired ruler. His second, and somewhat less interesting section is devoted to the quackery of such intellectuals as Spengler and Keyserling, both of whom, he says, have betrayed their intellectual integrity and advocated the abandonment of reason

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in favor of emotional inspiration. Too close-packed with ideas for any adequate summary, Mr. Woolf's book is immensely suggestive and shrewd.

ROMANOFF, by Leonid Soboleff (Longmans, Green, $2.50). This historical novel, which portrays the decadence of Czarist Russia in a powerful and original fashion, covers a few weeks in 1914 just before the outbreak of the War. A young midshipman pays a visit to his brother, who is a lieutenant on the battleship *Romanoff*, and there, though he is too young to perceive its significance, a cross section of the Russian navy's weakness is spread before his eyes. Incompetence and brutal arrogance characterize the officers, who are as fettered as the men they mistreat by utterly senseless red tape. Disaffection exists everywhere, and even the physical equipment of the *Romanoff* is rotten and antiquated. Imperial Russia is still able to maintain a glittering front — witness the fine description of Poincaré's visit to St. Petersburg — but its underpinnings are cracking and slipping. The book ends on the eve of war, with the *Romanoff*, like all Russia, preparing to go to her doom. Mr. Soboleff has told this story with wit, force, and an impressive command of symbolism. His admirable account of life aboard the *Romanoff* would alone suffice to recommend his book.

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA, Clark F. Ansley, Editor in Chief (Columbia University Press, $17.50). Designed to serve the general reader as a companion of the atlas and the dictionary, *The Columbia Encyclopedia* presents in one volume an authoritative and comprehensive summary of human knowledge. Each item has been boiled down to its essential facts, to which, in most instances, a short bibliography has been added. Related subjects are included in the same entry, and cross references facilitate the location of allied material. Thus the additional bulk and inconvenience of an index have been done away with. Geographic place names are given in old and new forms, and, wherever possible, the latest census figures. Throughout, there is evidence of extreme care taken to preserve a proper balance between information about modern developments and contemporary celebrities and information about those of the past. These are but a few of the many admirable features of this thoroughly up-to-date work, a work which should demonstrate its usefulness for many years to come.

EPERNON OF OLD FRANCE, by Leo Mouton; translated by Elizabeth Trotter (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00). Born of humble origin, the Duke of Epernon was raised to power in his youth as the *mignon* or favorite of Henry III of France. When Henry died, at which point this biography opens, the redoubtable Duke was a mere

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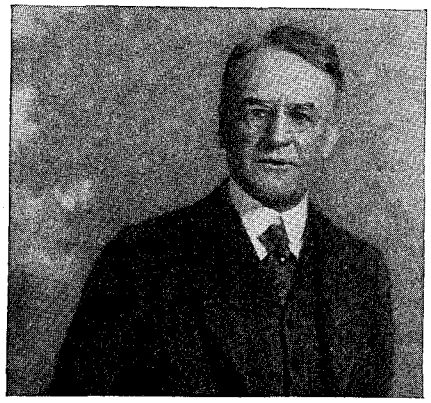

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thirty-five. He lived to be eighty-eight, to trouble two kings and one great cardinal, to keep everyone about him in a constant state of turmoil. Arrogant, fractious, and belligerent, the wicked, scheming old Duke was an almost fabulous character. He rescued Marie de Médicis from imprisonment at Blois; he thwarted Richelieu on more than one occasion; he wrangled, impartially, with church, *parlement*, and king, and levied an army to his support whenever it so suited him. Cantankerous and brazen, he was an exuberantly unregenerate personality, the story of whose exploits reads like a Dumas romance. M. Mouton has related his turbulent history with charm, wit, and suavity, and the excellent translation does his book the fullest justice. If you want to be thoroughly amused, try *Epernon of Old France.*

SIXTH OF JUNE, by Stanley Hopkins (Harper, $2.50). The action of this rich, psychological novel takes place within twenty-four hours. On June 6, Confederate Memorial Day, the Raphael family assembles in its Virginia home to celebrate a wedding. The Raphaels, though wealthy, are Jews, but since old Simon made his fortune just after the Civil War they have had a prominent and long-established position in the community. Unfortunately his three sons, who were born to inherited wealth, are not the men that their father was. Mrs. Hopkins' novel is largely devoted to the problems and frustrations of them and their gentile wives. A dozen stories make up the pattern of her very engrossing novel, and her insight into each one of a dozen different characters is remarkably full and shrewd. *Sixth of June*, incidentally, has definite sociological implications which Mrs. Hopkins has skilfully subordinated to the interest of her actual story.

BURNERS OF MEN, by Marcel Griaule (Lippincott, $2.50). Any story of adventure in Ethiopia is, obviously, a timely book. M. Griaule, however, visited that unfortunate land several years ago, when it was still known as Abyssinia. He was sent by the French government on an ethnographic and linguistic mission, and his book is a descriptive record, largely of folk customs, without political implications. M. Griaule and his mission traveled precariously to Lake Tana, in the northern interior. He and his fellow European were entertained by Ras Hailou, ruler of the Godjamites — whom Haile Selassie later deposed and condemned to death — and also were the guests of various tribal chieftains. Descriptions of court ceremonials play a large part in the book, together with revelations of native character. M. Griaule views the Ethiopians as a tough, warlike, superstitious lot, but he

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appears to have liked them just the same. For this reason his title — deriving as it does from a single, if barbarous, incident — seems unfair and inconsistent. *Abyssinian Journey*, the title of the English edition, would surely have been juster and more exact.

EARLY ONE MORNING IN THE SPRING, by Walter de la Mare (Macmillan, $5.00). The preliminary chapters of this delightful book are devoted to the author's ideas about children and certain "relevant facts, data, and even statistics" which he has found have enlightened his darkness on the subject. Then he proceeds with his main intention — "to present childhood by way of recollection." From the early memories and writings of a galaxy of children, most of whom became famous men and women, he has assembled a literary patchwork of "evidence concerning the mind, heart, and imagination of childhood." Mr. de la Mare draws no conclusions from his material, advances no new thesis of child psychology; he attempts only to understand. His is a wise and gentle attitude which people at all interested in children would do well to study and follow.

KING COFFIN, by Conrad Aiken (Scribner, $2.50). In his most subtle and glittering style Mr. Aiken tells this story of a young megalomaniac whose contempt for humanity drove him towards crime. Arrogant, egotistical, warped, Jasper Ammen plotted a pure, motiveless murder and chose for his victim a complete stranger, symbolizing commonplace man. How he stalked his prey and familiarized himself with the poor wretch's habits, how he forewarned his incredulous friends, how he encountered obstacles within his own spirit — this is the kind of stuff from which Mr. Aiken has fashioned his strange, uncanny, and rather baffling novel.

WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE, by David Lamson (Scribner, $2.50). In September, 1933, David Lamson, Sales Manager of the Stanford University Press, was convicted of murdering his wife and sentenced to be hanged. In the fall of 1934 the Supreme Court of California reversed the decision, and Lamson stepped out of the shadow of the gallows to be retried. *We Who Are About to Die* is the story of his experiences in the State penitentiary at San Quentin, where he was imprisoned for thirteen months. Particularly good are his chapters on the poor wretches who occupied the cells adjacent to his on the Condemned Row and his account of prison routine, prison racketeering, and men who tried to escape. One may be impelled to ask, after studying the prison statistics presented in the final chapter, what American society can expect of its prisons as they are planned and managed today.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES, by Stefan Zweig (Viking, $3.50). This is another biographical thriller in the grand manner which made Stefan Zweig's *Marie Antoinette* a best seller. Students of history will find much to quarrel with in his interpretation of various highly debatable historical sources — the most noted of which are the famous Casket Letters, which Herr Zweig believes are, in part, genuine. Be that as it may, no one can possibly deny that his interpretation is logical, brilliant, and thoroughly readable.

THE WISH CHILD, by Ina Seidel (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.75). Germany, harassed by the Napoleonic wars, is the background for this long and intricate romantic novel. The story shifts from the city of Mainz to Prussia and follows the fortunes of a family to which war and the French occupation bring a series of bitter tragedies. The main theme — scarcely impressive enough to support so lengthy a novel — is the love of Christopher von Echter for his wayward, shallow little cousin with whom he has been reared from the cradle. Delphine is fey and half French, unstable, cold-blooded, tormenting. In the end she betrays Christopher, who dies with Blücher's army before learning of her treachery. In telling this story Frau Seidel goes into prodigal detail, piling up incidents and characters until one is bewildered. Her historical sense is keen, and her atmosphere excellent, but unfortunately *The Wish Child* is grotesquely overlong. Lacking any particular significance, it simply does not justify its cumbersome bulk.

THE WEDGE, by Hermann B. Deutsch (Stokes, $2.50). A novel of Mexico and of her bewildering revolutions, *The Wedge* is a picaresque, bloody, and slightly chaotic tale. Desiderio, son of a sculptor and himself an artist, first joins the revolutionary armies at the age of twelve. Thereafter he participates intermittently in the guerilla warfare of Huerta, Villa, and Carranza and witnesses the shocking brutalities which even a just cause entails. Though it is marred by a bad and very melodramatic ending, Mr. Deutsch's book is powerful, vivid, macabre, and full of rugged humor. He knows a great deal about Mexican folkways and about the unstable mobs which carried on the revolution.

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Breast cancer occurs at almost any age but mainly among women over forty. After a woman reaches the age of thirty, careful examination of the breasts should always be a part of her periodic health examination. Husbands should urge their wives to have examinations regularly.

Whenever a lump is discovered in the breast, a careful and exact study should be made to determine whether it is definitely cancer, possibly cancer, or not cancer at all. Your physician will probably recommend that the diagnosis be made by a specialist. In its early stages a breast cancer usually yields to expert use of surgery, with or without the help of X-rays or radium. Safety lies in prompt action.

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